

# Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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## The Deaf in Journalism

W. L. HILL.

**W**ILLIAM LOVET HILL, was born in Athol, Mass., July 15, 1850. His father was for many years a leading citizen of the town, and his mother's ancestors were among its original settlers.

He lost his hearing by scarlet fever when about 12 years old, and was sent to the Hartford school. His speech has remained to the present time almost unimpaired. Until his deafness he attended the public schools. He continued at Hartford until the fall of 1868, when he entered the freshman class in Galaudet college. Among his classmates were Robert McGregor and Amos G. Draper. He was a leader in many directions during all his course. He was catcher of the base ball team. The game of foot-ball had not been invented, but it is safe to say that if it had been he would have shone in it, because a solid frame, good weight, good height, a determined disposition, and a slightly pugnacious, though always good-humored temper were all united in him. He was one of the creators of the literary society, and that it was "built to stay" is as much his credit as anyone's. Having a pleasing appearance and a ready wit, he was very popular socially in and out the college. He stood high in scholarship, though far from being a "dig".

He was especially interested in English literature. Though not naturally a fluent writer, he cultivated English composition with an assiduity that told greatly as he neared the end of his course.

Upon graduating, in 1872, he went almost at once into newspaper work in his native town, buying a half interest in *The Transcript*, a paper just then established. It proved a happy step for him. The work was suited to him, and he to it. He is just rounding out a quarter of a century as editor, and has developed the paper from nothing to a point where it will stand comparison with the best country newspapers in the United States. This is the opinion of the papers of New England generally, which quote often and freely from his editorials. They are marked by sound sense and often with a touch of humor that drives the sense home. Strong and attractive as the paper is editorially, it is still stronger in its local features, as a country paper should be. The town of Athol has enjoyed a steady and healthy growth, and observes believe that one reason for it exists in having such a live and at the same time such a respectable journal as *The Transcript* to speak for it. Mr. Hill has had several partners, but it is they and not he that had been "silent." He has not only edited the paper unaided, but at the same time has managed all the details of a thriving printing business until recently when his eldest son has joined him in the local work.

Mr. Hill was early married. He has a charming home, and four healthy, handsome children.

He likes a hand at whist and a good horse, one of his own being an ideal roadster. He and his wife are active in society and no one who has enjoyed their hospitality will ever forget its heartiness. He takes a public spirited part in all the questions that effect his countryside, and no small share of the work. Were it not for his deafness there is probably no place in the call of his townsmen that he would not at some time be asked to fill.

Altogether, Mr. Hill must be regarded as a noteworthy example of what a high plane can be reached by a man having health, energy, common sense and elevated principles, in spite of the obstacle of total deafness.



W. L. HILL, M. A.,  
Journalist, Athol, Mass.

Living somewhat remote from great centers, and engaged in no work directly connected with the deaf, Mr. Hill mingles little with them. He, however, warmly cherishes the associations of his school and college life, and ascribes to the latter whatever is best in his career. He is ready to lend a hand to give the adult deaf pleasure and comfort by occasional lectures and social intercourse. He was chosen by the deaf of New England to represent them at the congress in Paris, in 1889, and was a leader in the movement that culminated in removing the word "asylum" from the title of the Hartford school.—From J. E. Gallagher's "book," *Representative Deaf Persons*.

He that fires a train of powder, must expect a speedy explosion of the mine.

—Quentin Durward.

## DICKENS' DEAF KITTEN.

At the cat show we ran across an Englishman who chanced to know many unrecorded tales of Dickens, and during a lull in the "meows" he casually inquired: "Did you know, by the way, that Charles Dickens was devoted to cats? He was indeed a lover of all animals, and frequently became the slave of his pets. Williamina, a little white cat, was a great favorite with the entire household, but regarded the great author as her especial friend. She selected a corner of his study for her individual property and one day committed the indiscretion of bringing in her little family of kittens from the kitchen one by one. Dickens

had them taken away, but Williamina brought them quietly back. Again they were quietly removed, but the third time of their return the little mother did not leave them in the corner. Instead she placed them at her master's feet and, taking her stand beside them, looked imploringly up at him. That settled the question.

"Thereafter the kittens belonged to the study and made themselves royally at home, swarming up the curtains playing about the writing table and scampering behind the bookshelves, until they were one by one given away; all but a poor little deaf one, which, from her devotion to Dickens became known as "the master's cat." This little creature followed him about like a dog and sat beside him while he wrote. One evening Dickens was reading by a small table upon which stood a light and candle. As usual, the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was deeply interested in his book, and he proceeded to relight the candle, stroking the cat while he did so. Afterward he remembered that puss had looked at him somewhat reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that the reason of her melancholy suddenly dawned upon him. Turning quickly, he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw and again she looked at him appealing. She was lonesome; she wanted to be petted and this was her device for gaining her end."—Ex.

## DEAF-MUTE TRAVELING SALESMAN.

A. G. Kent, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is a traveling salesman for a Wisconsin chair factory, and as such there is not another in the country like him. He is young, handsome, bright. His peculiarity lies in the fact that he is a deaf-mute. On his card is the inscription: "The company that needs no talking," and he lets the photographs which he carries with him do the talking for him.

Kent is twenty-eight years old, and that the world is silent to him is due to an infantile disease that destroyed the hearing. He was educated at the State School for the Deaf and when he came out to find a place for himself in the world he at first worked for his father in making and selling furniture. Then he secured a position as traveling salesman for the Wisconsin

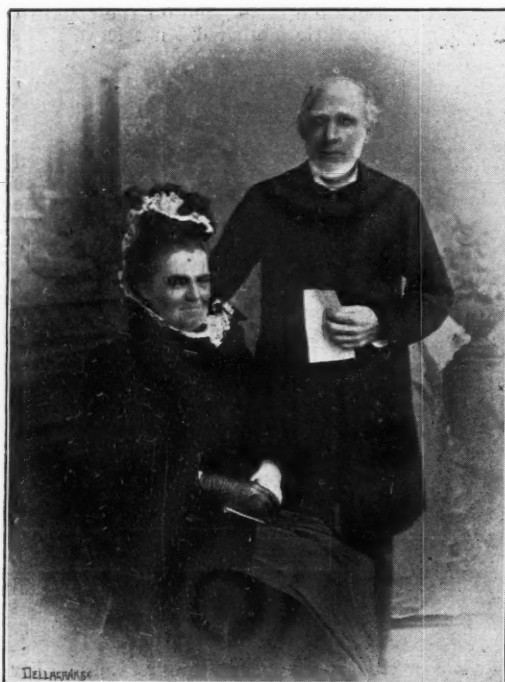
sin concern and has been highly successful in the business.

When he enters the store of a customer he lays down his card, and as he has already become well known to the trade it is no longer necessary for him to explain its application. He produces his photographs with the cost mark on each and the dickering which ensues is done on a scratch blank or by signs. Instead of being a handicap, Kent's affliction really is a help to him in his business.—*Chicago Record.*

#### LLANDAFF SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE School for the Deaf and Dumb at Llandaff was founded in 1862 by the late Mr. Alexander Melville, whose faithful helpmate and widow continue the work with unabated interest and success.

Of Mr. Melville's early life we have scant information, but we have ascertained that on leaving school he joined the staff of the late Mr. Baker, of the Doncaster Institution, and after a term of years there became Mr. Baker's head assistant. He presently went to London, where he was mainly instrumental in originating and organizing a Sunday service for the deaf, which he carried on for some time.



MR. AND MRS. MELVILLE.

The removal of the late Mr. C. Rhind to the Edinburgh Institution created a vacancy in the Swansea Schools, to which Mr. Melville was appointed. After some years there, Mr. Melville decided to open a school himself, and in the year 1862 the Llandaff School for the Deaf was open in a very small house near the Cathedral.

In passing in and out of Cardiff, Mr. Melville often cast a longing eye on a neglected little public house on the borders of the Llandaff parish, which had been a flourishing hostelry in the days when telegraphs and railways were unknown.

Mr. Melville's little school, however, prospered and increased. The first year's income was £84 5s.; the second £120 12s. 5d. the third £204 9s. 8d., and the fourth £306 5s. 3d. So that it was not very long before Mr. Melville was able to acquire the afore-mentioned little publichouse, and adapt it for his purpose; and as the school building it still remains—a neat, compact, substantial little place, surrounded by a stone wall, with a front garden of evergreens.

Mr. Melville was twice married, his first wife being a Miss Chappel (deaf), of London, who died February 26th, 1885, after being for 20 years honorary matron. His second wife (now widow) is a hearing lady, who takes an intimate mother-

ly interest in her young charges, and who in Mr. Melville's lifetime aided him greatly in his work.

Mr. Melville, for nearly 29 years the honorary director, secretary, and treasurer of the school, and the fondly-loved instructor and friend of each of his 113 Llandaff School pupils, died April 18th, 1891, and was buried in Llandaff Cathedral yard.

The Llandaff School is a private boarding school, with a staff of five teachers, and accommodating about 30 pupils of both sexes. The method of instruction may fairly be classed as "combined," the "solid foundation" of Mr. Melville's system being (as quoted in the report)—"It is not wise or considerate in the education of deaf children and youth to purchase a limited power, usually of little practical value, of speech and lipreading at an outlay of time which would secure a return of far greater worth when expended on the acquisition of valuable intellectual attainments, or of useful handicrafts."

Children, as a rule, are not admitted over nine years of age, and those belonging to Wales and Monmouthshire have the preference. Besides sound religious and secular education, the pupils are instructed in industrial pursuits, "sharing in house, laundry, kitchen, and garden work, according to their ability and strength, as well as in clothes and shoe mending."

The school buildings and property are vested in seven trustees. The Institution is not, and never has been, run for profit, and is consequently, for about half its income, dependent upon voluntary subscriptions. The average annual income at present is about £700.

For the quality of the instruction, let the following extracts from the visitors' book serve as evidence:—

"May 28, 1896.  
"I am much pleased with the result of my examination, as there is every evidence of steady progress. The instruction has been careful and thorough; and the children, for the most part, answer readily, and with an intelligent understanding of their work. The written work—Lord's Prayer, Apostles' Creed, Psalms, &c., written from memory—struck me as particularly good, both as regards accuracy and neatness."

"A. J. HOLME RUSSELL,  
"Dioc. Inspector, Llandaff."

"June 11, 1896.  
"I have examined the children in arithmetic, Geography, and general knowledge, and am very pleased with the intelligent and correct manner in which they have answered the questions given them, &c."

"A. G. RUSSELL,  
"Incumbent of St. Stephens, Cardiff."

Perhaps the best testimonial to the worth of the school, however, is that the old pupils love it, and always keep in touch with their old teachers, who, on their side, maintain an affectionate interest in their former charges. When an old pupil gets married, he or she is presented with a Family Bible; and when an old pupil dies there is general mourning.

We will conclude this imperfect sketch with a letter written by one of the boys to Her Majesty the Queen on her birthday:—

"May 24, 1895.  
"My dear Queen Victoria,—I hope you are quite well. I am glad we have your large photo. here. The boys and girls are happy. Mrs. Melville is very kind. We always take a walk to Cardiff and Llandaff. The boys and girls hailed on your birthday. The boys and girls are learning always at school. The clergymen are coming to examine us on Monday. I love you. I believe in Jesus. I am learning Gospel history, Bible history, arithmetic, grammar, and circle of knowledge. I have never seen you. I came from Montgomeryshire. I am deaf and dumb. I am glad to be able to read, and write letters. I send my love to you. God bless you."

"I remain, your affectionate subject,  
"J. C."

#### THE POULTRY DOCTOR.

If you are interested in Poultry, by all means send 25 cents in Postage Stamps to the Associated Fanciers, 400 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Penna., for their new book, on the diseases of poultry. Although comparatively small, it is so concise, terse and lucid as to be of great value to the fancier and the breeder of poultry. It shows how to manage and rear fowls, how to detect their different ailments, and how to treat them by either allopathic or homœopathic remedies. It is from the pen of Mr. John E. Diehl, the well known American Poultry Association Judge, one of the highest authorities on poultry.

## Deaf Artists and Sculptors.

FREDERICK L. TAVARE was born at Cheetham, in Manchester, on the 13th December, 1846. He comes of an old Manchester family, boasting descent from a Spanish Cardinal, John (Pardo) de Tavera, who died in 1545. Fred's great grandfather was Dr. Daniel Nunes de Tavez, M.D., LL.D., a French physician and citizen of Zwolle. Overysell: a complimentary letter to him from Benjamin Franklin exists



MR. FRED L. TAVARE.

among the family treasures. Fred's grandfather, M. Charles de Tavaré, came to England from his native Amsterdam as a refugee during the revolution of 1789, together with his favorite sister, Mlle. Caroline Tavaré, subsequently Mrs. Swain, mother of Charles Swain, the Manchester poet. Mr. Charles Tavaré (he dropped the "de" on coming to England) knew twelve languages, and was proficient in nine. Fred's father was a landscape artist, and teacher of drawing, so that Fred's gift was hereditary.

Fred's deafness was discovered by an artist friend when the child was eighteen months old, and was a great shock and grief to his parents. In 1849 they took their son to the most noted London aurists, who could see nothing organically wrong, and could do nothing. The cause apparently was very difficult dentition, and inflammation of the brain. Dumbness naturally followed from the deafness. In October, 1854, Fred was sent as pupil and boarder to the old Trafford School, and remained there till December, 1861. At school, Fred studied drawing under the late Mr. G. F. C. Goodwin, and on leaving school he pursued his studies alone, and in 1863 and 1865 won certificates in freehand and model drawing from the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, second grade examination.

Upon the death of their father, June 17th, 1868, Fred and his younger brother, Charles, succeeded to his connection as teacher of drawing, and maintained it until December 13th, 1872.

Mr. Fred L. Tavaré is best known for his pictures and sketches taken from the quaint, tumble-down, timber-fronted relics of "Old Manchester" that were doomed to destruction and are now no more. The artistic merit and antiquarian interest of these works excited much favorable comment in the local press. Mr. Tavaré also excels in still life. *The Manchester Courier* considered one of his drawings, "The Staff of Life," fully worthy of Hunt for its literal truth. Between 1867 and 1880 Mr. Tavaré exhibited fourteen works in oil and water-color at the Royal Manchester Institution, and another in 1885. From 1875 to 1884 he exhibited 39 works at White's Art Gallery, in Bridge street: in the latter year the annual exhibitions here ceased. He sent two pictures to the



Dräwen Art Treasures Exhibition, 1868, one to the Cardiff Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition, 1870, and some to the "Old Manchester" department of the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, 1887.

To the London International Health Exhibition of 1884, Mr. Tavaré contributed two drawings of still-life subjects. These were shown together with some objects illustrating the skill of some of the Old Trafford deaf pupils in various handicrafts.

Mr. Fred Tavaré is quite an authority on the antiquities and annals of his native city and county. To the "Notes and Queries" department of *The Manchester Weekly Times* he has contributed, since July 6th, 1889, about 180 replies and notes, illustrated by nine wood-cuts from his own sketches. Previously (from September 28th, 1878) he had contributed in the same way to *The Manchester City News*. Since August 23rd, 1884, he has also sent many contributions to *Notes and Queries* (London), and to *Cheshire Notes and Queries*. The editor of *The Dictionary of National Biography* applied to Mr. Fred Tavaré for assistance in the compilation of the brief notice of Charles Swain, and duly acknowledged the source of his information.

Deaf visitors to Manchester will do well to pay a visit to the Whitworth Institute, where, in the central gallery, they will find a water-color drawing bearing the following inscription printed on a gold mount inside the frame:

"OLD MANHESTER

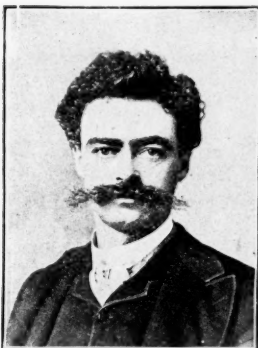
"SMITHY DOOR

"NOW VICTORIA STREET), BEFORE 1873

"F. L. Tavaré.

"PURCHASED 1896."

#### GEORGE H. QUACKENBOS' REMARKABLE CAREER.



**G**EORGE H. QUACKENBOS, patrolman in the One Hundredth Street police precinct of Manhattan, New York, who is a Greek and Latin scholar, a master of the sign-language, a student of Spanish, a poet and magazine writer, has had probably the most varied and interesting

career of any policeman in the world.

He has been a college professor, Texas ranger, a Vigilante, a hotel manager, a physician, an accountant, a deputy sheriff, a telegraph operator, an instructor of the deaf and dumb, a stenographer, and as he himself puts it, "everything except a highway robber." He is of old Dutch parentage. A cousin of his holds the chair of rhetoric at Columbia University, and his father was a former professor of the classics at Harvard.

Mr. Quackenbos has donned the blue coat and brass buttons of the policeman in preference to the confinement of professional life.

"I enjoy the sensation," says he, "of going out at night, not knowing what may befall me before my return, and I am on the force not for fame, nor for glory, nor for making a record, but just for so much a month."

This interesting patrolman was born near Chicago in the early sixties. When only 10 years old the boy ran away from home and went to Osage City, Kan., where he obtained work as timekeeper in a mine. While there the precocious youth learned telegraphy and the deaf-mute sign-language.

His parents found him, however, and sent him to school in St. Louis. Subsequently he was graduated from what was then the Washington University. He went to New Mexico, where he led an exciting life, participating in the execution by dynamite of fourteen natives who had committed murder. There were fights, too, with train robbers and affairs with horse thieves to lend interest to the wild life.

Finally he returned to Chicago, where he became

a telegraph operator. He came East, and was engaged as instructor in the West Chester institute for the Deaf and Dumb at Throg's Neck. After teaching there for three years he was made head of the Venezuelan Institute for Deaf Mutes in Caracas, Spanish being among his accomplishments.

When he reached there he found a revolution in progress, and returned home to become manager of a Summer hotel at Virginia Beach.

After that he taught English branches and Spanish in a school, resigning to become professor of Latin and Greek in St. Francis Xavier's College, in West Sixteenth Street, New York. During his three years' service there he was graduated as a doctor of medicine from the New York University, at the Boulevard and Sixty-first Street. After three years of medicine he took down his shingle at his wife's request, as she objected to the uncertain hours of a physician.

He resumed teaching and was made principal of a Newark school, but never filled the position, going instead to become head instructor at the State Deaf and Dumb Institution in Trenton. He went to the institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes at Sixty-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue. When Theodore Roosevelt, the Police Commissioner, said he wanted college men on the police force, Quackenbos passed the examination and was appointed.

It took him one hour to finish the examination, getting through two hours ahead of any one else. He corrected the questions of the examinations, which he found to be wrong in several instances. He was assigned to duty in the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station and has proved a model policeman. Frequently, while waiting for the arrival of the ambulance in accident cases, he has afforded relief to sufferers, and on one occasion he rode several blocks off his post to argue the merits of the case with the surgeon.

A story is told of his translating different passages from Latin and Greek text books for two Columbia college students whom he met on the back of an Amsterdam Avenue car. He was in police uniform, and they were astonished, "Where did you learn it?" they asked him. "Oh, on the police force," answered Quackenbos.

His first act of official bravery was performed two years ago, when good fortune enabled him to save the life of John F. Nerbur, Jr. Mr. Nerbur was driving in a buggy when his horse took fright and ran away, kicking off the front of the buggy and fracturing the driver's skull.

The policeman made a grab for the bridle, but, missing it, caught the horse by the lip, which tore off in the struggle. The horse was stopped, but required five men to get him to Edgcombe stables, One hundred and Fortieth Street. The animal died from the effects of the desperate fight. Mr. Nerbur, whose forehead had been crushed, was sent to the hospital and is alive today. Many are the reminiscences of adventure recalled by Mr. Quackenbos when reviewing the incidents of his checkered career. While in the town of Socorro, N. M., he participated in a thrilling fight between the Mexican and miners.

The Mexicans had been making numerous raids upon the miners, but affairs were brought to a climax when, one day, the editor of the paper in Socorro said that this band of ruffians should be made to adorn the lamp posts, or, in other words, be lynched.

Of course, this phrase was only figurative and humorous, since Socorro has no lamp posts. However, the Mexicans determined to kill the editor, and surrounded the church that he was in.

A posse of Rangers, of whom Mr. Quackenbos was one, were outside guarding the door, when the Mexicans arrived. Old Dodds, the chief engineer, was overpowered, but they rescued him and secured seventeen of the Rangers, who were then confined in an adobe inclosure.

A warrant was obtained and served upon them. As they refused to surrender, the Rangers brought dynamite and blew them up. The unfortunate editor, however, was one morning seized by the raiders and cut to pieces in full view of his wife.

One time, after being lost for days on the sand and dense jungles of Southern Texas, Quackenbos came upon the trail of a horse, besides whose footprints a line was traced in the sand, showing

that the animal was dragging a lariat. Following this trail for some time, the erudite ranger at length came upon the rider's camp.

He proved to be the famous Indian scout, "Big Foot Wallace," so called because of the duel in which he had killed the notorious Indian chief, Big Foot, with his bowie knife. It was a glad meeting for both men on that lonely prairie and it is no wonder that they became fast friends from that day.

Later these two were together in many a raid against the surrounding cattle thieves that infested Southern Texas at that time. On one of these occasions, while with a posse trailing a band of Mexican horse-thieves, Quackenbos, with a single companion, riding through the dense chapparel bush, near the Hondo River, came suddenly upon an old deserted log cabin. They wanted to avail themselves of such meagre shelter as its decaying roof might afford, so both men rode up to the door.

Finding themselves unable to open this, since all was quiet and dark within Quackenbos remained at the door, while his comrade reached a hand through the shutter of the only window to open it, but, on the instant, a pistol ball carried away his finger. Springing upon their horses, after covering the door and window with their Winchesters, both men gained the cover of the chapparel bush. Here they again dismounted, in ambush near by, thus holding the occupants of the "jackal" prisoners until the arrival of their comrades. Five Mexicans within were captured, proving to be a part of the gang of thieves they had been following.

"Big Foot," even at 70, had wonderful skill, according to Quackenbos, who relates the following incident concerning him.

One day they were going to the lake on their horses to give them a plunge when they noticed a big jaguar crouching for a spring. Quackenbos raised his Winchester to shoot, but, seeing that "Big Foot" was getting ready to fire, let it drop.

The gun shook in the old man's feeble hands, bobbing up and down, and Quackenbos pictured to himself an enlivening scene, when the rambling shot would arouse the beast and not kill it. Suddenly the trembling fingers settled down until "Big Foot's" aim was steady and the jaguar fell dead.

"I was in the southwestern country," says Quackenbos, "when it was a country. I remember the time when life was of very little value in those regions."

"One day a certain Joseph Devine, a very wealthy ranch owner, found his barbed wire fence cut in several places and many of his horses and cattle gone."

"He sent for Doc Winters and his three sons to come and repair the fence. As they failed to put in an immediate appearance the Clayborne brothers came and shortly afterward Doc and his boys arrived on the scene."

"Then ensued a quarrel as to which faction should mend the fence. The rangers were sent for and when we arrived upon the scene one of the eight was living. Old Dr. Winters was still breathing."

"I carried him into the house, where he slowly regained consciousness. He tried to ask a question which we finally made out to be: 'Were they all killed?' Thinking that he meant his own sons we tried to spare his feelings by saying: 'Oh, no, they are living.'"

"Thereupon he began feebly cursing and grew so agitated that we tried another tack. Our chief bent over him and said distinctly: 'The Claybornes are all dead. A smile of relief and pleasure passed over the rough old face, then he opened out his arms, gasped and died, satisfied that his enemies were dead.'"

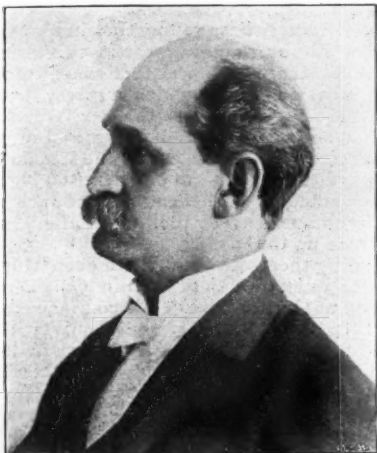
Mr. Quackenbos has in his possession deeds for a million dollars worth of property on Trinity Place, Corlear's Hook and other places down town, which his ancestors allowed to be sold for taxes and which he intends to try to recover as soon as he can get money saved. Some of the property was deeded to his ancestors by King George.—*Philadelphia Press*.

November's sky is chill and drear,  
November's leaf is red and sear.

Marmion.

## Some Deaf Teachers of the Deaf

JOHN J. BUCHANAN.



JOHN J. BUCHANAN.

JOHN J. BUCHANAN was born in White Pigeon, St. Joseph county, Mich., on the 29th of June, 1849. In that quiet little village the early years of his boyhood were spent. Being deaf from birth, he could not, like the other children of the village, derive any benefit from the public school of his native town had he been sent there for an education. But he, as well as his younger sister Ellen who was deaf from birth like himself, was not destined to grow up without the priceless blessing of an education. For, when he was about five years of age, the Michigan School was first opened to the deaf of the state.

It was not, however, until the fall of 1862 that his parents sent him to the new school at Flint, he being then in the thirteenth year of his age. At that period, the school was in charge of its founder, and first principal, the Rev. Barnabas Maynard Fay, father of Dr. Edward Allen Fay of Gallaudet College. In those days modern educational facilities were lacking and the time in school allowed each pupil was limited to seven years—nearly one-half of what it is to-day. But Mr. Buchanan was a lad of quiet demeanor and studious habits, and possessing an earnest desire for knowledge was able to acquire a good common school education during those few years he was in school. Throughout all of his school life he ranked high in his studies, and by his good behavior and industrious habits won the love and esteem of his instructors.

Mr. Buchanan was a member of the class which graduated in 1869, and had the honor of delivering the valedictory address on Commencement day.

At the opening of the school session in the fall of 1869, he was appointed by Principal Bangs to fill the position of supervisor of boys in his *Alma Mater* and a year later was transferred to a teacher's position in the educational department of the school—a position which he subsequently filled up to the time of his death in July last.

Mr. Buchanan's career as a pupil and as a teacher covered a period of nearly forty years, and it might well be said that his very life formed a part of the history of the Michigan School for the Deaf. During all of those years he had been, in some capacity, under all of the different superintendents and principals, and had seen generation after generation of school children come and go and the school grow from a small beginning to the present great institution of to-day. His long career of faithful, earnest, and untiring work in the profession of educating the deaf has justly earned for him an honored place in the ranks of veteran educators whom the deaf of today, as well as of future generations, will always hold in fond remembrance.

On July 30, 1874, Mr. Buchanan was united in marriage to Miss Clarissa A. Penn who was also, for a short time, a pupil in the Michigan School. Three children came to brighten the home of this

happy couple—the oldest being Arthur Percy, now a teacher in the *Alma Mater* of his father; the second, Bertrand Penn, who holds a clerical position in a wholesale business house in Flint, and Alda Hoagland, who is yet a student in the Flint High School.

Mr. Buchanan had always been a very prominent and active worker in the Alumni Association of the Michigan School. He had never failed to attend a single meeting of that body since its organization in 1887. He was universally liked by every member, and the implicit confidence which they reposed in his ability and honesty is shown by his successive election to the office of treasurer. The association has lost by his death one of its most valued members and an officer whose place can never be filled by a better man. Mr. Buchanan was also a member of the American Association of Instructors of the Deaf, of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and of St. Paul's Episcopal church.

Mr. Buchanan's character was above reproach. His very name had become to those who knew him well a synonym for faithfulness, honesty and patience. He was a man of modest demeanor, never claiming for himself any special recognition. He went about doing his daily school work in a quiet way and with a kind word for everyone who came in contact with him. And he will surely be missed by everyone—by pupil, teacher, friend, and fellow-citizen. As a teacher of the deaf Mr. Buchanan stood alone. He had the patience and the ability to impart instruction to the slowest and the most backward of pupils. He was an easy and graceful sign-maker, and his chapel talks, his Sunday sermons, and his lectures were always listened to with close attention. He was a good man with a good, kind heart and the life he lived will always be a shining and worthy example for future generations of Michigan's deaf to imitate—*Michigan Mirror*.

### Brevities from Britain.

THE proceedings of the Conference of the National Association of Teachers of the Deaf at Derby, have been published in book form by Dr. Roe, of the Derby Institution. There are 233 pages about sixty illustrations well printed on good paper. The book also contains Mr. John Beattie's paper which secured the Braidwood Gold Medal.

The "Drouet Institute," a much advertised concern making a speciality of the cure of deafness, was searchingly criticised in the *Truth* for August 24th. The Institute originated in Paris, in 1890. Dr. Drouet, a qualified practitioner in poor circumstances and failing health, was persuaded by a supposed Englishman of several aliases (Derry, Moughal, Fugere, and Nicholson), to lend his name for the foundation of an establishment for the relief of deafness. Shortly afterwards Dr. Drouet had to be taken to hospital, where he lingered for fourteen months, and then died. Meanwhile, free use was made of his name, and the "Institute" worked on Nicholsonian lines. Some of the advertisements were of phenomenal audacity, one alleging that the German Emperor had attended *incognito* at the "Institute" and been treated for his deafness by Dr. Drouet (who at that time was lying in a hopeless condition at the Tenon Hospital). The medical profession soon discovered the true character of the Institute, and did their best to warn the public. The *Revue Medicale* wrote to some of the patients advertised as "cured" with the results that nine out of twelve letters were returned through the post, marked "unknown." In a few cases, where the parties have been traced, the cases have turned out upon inquiry to be of the simplest character, such as any chemist could have treated with equal success at a quarter the price. Finally, evidence has been obtained that the "diagnosis" supplied to patients after their statement of symptoms in reply to questions were habitually kept in stock ready for use as required. The London and Brussels branches of the "Institute" are carried on in the same manner.

The above summary of the case is taken from the *British Deaf Monthly*. This paper, by the way, has been amalgamated with *Ephphatha*, and is now edited conjointly by Messrs. E. J. D. Abraham and A. M. Cuttell. The subscription

price has been raised to 2s 6d. a year. The Editors say that as a union of forces will enable much more good to be done at less cost of time, money and labor, they have mutually agreed to work together. The new journal is to combine the best features of the two papers, and will be entitled *The British Deaf Monthly*. A circulation of 10,000 copies monthly is expected.

The mention of the Drouet Institute reminds us that some very strong remarks on the extent to which quackery prevails in this and other countries were made at the recent Conference of Teachers. Mr. Van Praagh in a paper entitled: "Means for Restoring Hearing: their Practical Value," said it was painful to see how many parents deferred the education of their deaf children under the delusion, too often fostered by ignorant medical men, that their hearing would come back later on. And in the discussion which followed, Mr. Townsend, Father Dawson, Mr. Addison, Dr. Elliott, Mr. Howard and Mr. St. John Ackers all most strongly deprecated the resource to quacks of this description.

The Young Women's Christian Association, with branches in all parts of the Kingdom, has started a department for helping deaf girls. Special arrangements are being made to help them to find suitable employment as dress-makers, clerks, milliners, assistants, domestic servants, etc. Also to induce them to mix more with their hearing sisters. This department is in charge of Miss Isabel A. Pollock and Miss Edith V. Vaile.

The Rev. W. Blake Atkinson, a clergyman of Weston Super Mare, who lost his hearing some years ago, has just published a book of poems entitled: "Songs of Faith, Hope and Love." The poems, about 130 in number, are of distinct literary merit.

Mr. John Thorpe, superintendent of the Huddersfield Association in aid of the Deaf and Dumb died on August 27th. He was a quiet, reserved man, and did not take much part in work outside his own district. But he was much beloved among his people at Huddersfield, for his sincerity and unostentatious well-doing.

Judging by an interview with Mr. Claude A. G. Spence, who appears in the October issue of *Ephphatha*, Mr. Spence, who has charge of the East London branch of the Royal Association, appears to have sharply criticised the policy of the London School Board in respect of its classes for deaf children which are conducted on the German Method for the most part. Replying to a question, Mr. Spence says: I say it is a downright sin, the way in which a deaf child's career is hampered—I was almost going to say blighted—by the present system of—well, you can hardly call it 'teaching'—in the London Board Schools. If ever there would be a government enquiry on the subject, the evidence of the missionaries must and will be heard." The feeling in favor of the Combined System, wherein the method of teaching are adapted to the capacities of the pupils, is growing day by day.

Miss Swainson, of the Palamcottah, India, School for Deaf Children, has, I hear, obtained nearly the whole of the £560, she requires for the building of new class-rooms. The lady had a cordial reception at the recent Liverpool Congress.

FELIX ROHAN.

### South Australia.

AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES' HOME AT ADELAIDE.

THE historian who undertakes the work of estimating the debt of gratitude which South Australia owes to its philanthropic colonists will impose upon himself a difficult task. Another instance of munificence was recorded on Saturday afternoon, September 9th, when the ceremony of declaring open the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes at Parafield was performed by Mr. J. H. Angas. The establishment of such a Home was projected about twelve months ago by Mr. S. Johnson, Superintendent of the Blind and Deaf and Dumb Institution at Brighton, and the sum of £1,600 was raised for the purpose. At this juncture Mr. Angas came to the assistance of these other friends to humanity, and placed at their disposal his estate at Parafield, consisting of 280 acres, and the work of erecting the neces-



sary building was immediately taken in hand. The Chief Justice paid an eloquent tribute to the worth of Mr. Angas as a colonist. He was the son of the founder of South Australia, and no man had done more than he to build up a worthy superstructure on his father's work. He was the foremost in every good cause, a patriotic South Australian, and one of the most prominent philanthropists of the nineteenth century. Like John Wesley he could say, "The world is my parish." Mr. Angas confessed to having been overcome by the remarks of the Chief Justice, and stated that he would much rather the personal references had not been made. He hoped that the inmates of the Home would be usefully employed on the property, and take an interest in the development of its resources. Over a hundred ladies and gentlemen journeyed to Parafield from the city and Brighton to witness the ceremony, and the drive both ways was heartily appreciated.

## ADULT DEAF AND DUMB MISSION.

A meeting of the committee of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Mission was held in the institute, Wright street, on Saturday, September 30. There were present Mr. C. H. Goode, vice-president (in the chair), Mesdames Goode, Sauerbier, Millikin, Kither, and Johnson, Revs. C. H. Goldsmith and W. G. Marsh, Messrs. D. Nock, A. C. W. Cox (hon. assistant secretary), A. G. H. Cox (manager of Parafield Farm), E. Salas (missionary), and S. Johnson, H. A., (hon. secretary). The draft annual report was read and adopted. It was decided to hold the annual meeting on Tuesday, October 24, in Colton Hall. The ladies of the committee undertook to arrange for the tea, Lady Brown and Mrs. Millikin to be conveners of meetings. A report was received from the manager of Parafield Farm, in which he stated that a good deal of work had already been done on the farm. Potatoes, tomatoes, about 2½ tons or onions, given by Mr. Way Lee, and other vegetables had been planted. There were eleven deaf-mutes on the farm, and 61 under the care of the mission. An application was received from Mr. H. J. Cross, a deaf man, partially blind, to be admitted to the home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes, and given work on the farm. It was decided to receive him at once. The hon. secretary reported that the debt of £60 for furnishing the Parafield home had been paid, one gentleman having handed him £40, with the stipulation that his name should not be made known.

## A THANKSGIVING.

*Sursum Corda* in the early morning,  
When clear and fresh dawn beats upon the panes;  
*Sursum Corda* in the calm cathedral,  
Or lowly village fanes.

*Sursum Corda* when the noonday glowing,  
The Master's glory marvellously shows;  
So onward through each hour, blest in passing,  
For each some gift bestows.

Again when shades of evening greyly gather,  
And haply high in heaven gleams one star;  
A glad and gracious jewel, brightly drawing  
Our thoughts from earth afar.

O what were life without its hours of resting?  
Alone and far away, or with one friend,  
In silence or communion, yet together  
Where'er our footsteps wend.

Then rest revives within the spirit restless;  
The presence of a kindred soul brings peace;  
Contented in the moment to be living,  
We weary questions cease.

What though to one the stillness is unbroken  
By any sound of nature, far or near?  
Words, kindly words, may still be daily spoken,  
Their meaning true and clear.

The patient weaving of the gentle fingers  
Will make a bridge that heart and mind can reach;  
And long with a lone soul a word oft lingers,  
Te gladden or to teach.

Are not such things divinely sent O brothers?  
Pause ye awhile, make meet reply, and say—  
With inward faith fit answer idly giving—  
Ere going on life's way:

"Yea, dear Lord, we lift our hearts and thank Thee,  
For all Thy gifts, for all our peaceful days;  
Grant Thou us grace the Giver to remember,  
And fail Thee not in praise."

C. M. Paine.

## GREATER NEW YORK.

## Events to Come and Events Past. Doings of the Gothamites.

ONE of the most excellent services ever rendered New York deaf people was the meeting called for Tuesday, Nov. 14th, by St. Ann's Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. Even among the committee, there was some diversity of opinion as to just what the object of the meeting was, and while the Chairman announced its purpose as one aimed at a general consensus of opinion as to why the deaf do not take advantage of the different facilities St. Ann's afford, Mr. L. M. Brown got up and told the audience that two prominent workers in the Brotherhood of St. Andrew (hearing men) were expected to attend and tell the deaf how to attract the deaf.

Mr. Jones, who was chairman, corrected this and said it was the intention of the committee to have members of St. Mathews church present to hear what the deaf had to suggest in the way of adding attractive features of St. Ann's life, but all of the hearing people with the exception of Rev. John Chamberlain staid away, a particularly mean combined rain and snow storm having a deterrent effect, but all the deaf people who had been asked, attended.

A deaf man usually manages to attend such affairs as are of interest to him and weather conditions proving adverse are not a bar to his attendance.

After Mr. Jones announced that the real discussion was postponed until Nov. 28th, one person asked if there could not be an informal talk and this was agreed to, and Messrs. Pach, Fox, Hodgson, Rose and Lounsbury were invited to speak in the order named.

Of these, two are communicants of the Protestant Episcopal Church; one was born in the Roman faith, but now has a tendency towards that of the Presbyterians; another was born a Congregationalist but now makes no profession of allegiance to any one sect; and the remaining one is a "Broad" Churchman. His presence as a speaker reminds me of a meeting held in a New Jersey town by citizens who wanted to publicly denounce the railroad on account of its wretched train service. Some of the speakers were Commuters, others business men who used the railroad weekly, some only travelled occasionally and last, a farmer who never travelled at all, was called on and he got up and announced that as he never travelled the train service didn't bother him, but, as he had heard so many people cuss the road, he thought he could safely speak on the subject, and he did.

The speakers at the meeting at St. Ann's spoke in similar strain, all differing in routes, but all reaching the same conclusion.

Some thought that the meeting was intended to devise means of making all the deaf communicants of St. Ann's while others argued in favor of making St. Ann's a ganglionic center for New York's deaf people, keeping the church strictly in church lines and the Guild rooms open to the deaf of all shades of beliefs.

The guild rooms ought to attract all the deaf, and there should be a free reading room; free lectures and debates attractive to Protestant and Catholic alike—and to the deaf of no creed.

This, I am reliably informed was Dr. Gallaudet's idea when he founded St. Ann's Free church for Deaf Mutes, and while he was not an Episcopalian, he adopted that faith as their services were best adapted to the needs of the deaf.

Mr. Fox laid special stress on the need of a deaf pastor, and one who should be a New Yorker.

Mr. Fox did not have the entire assemblage with him, there were those who saw the hopelessness of any one New York deaf man uniting the several elements that compass its deaf society.

One man is smart enough, but lacks the qualities that make men flock to hear him. Another has tact but lacks brain force.

Not one of New York's deaf populace would be free from having a stony road to travel, while calling a stranger as hearing congregations often do, would eliminate the risk of discord.

Messrs. Koehler, Dantzer and Van Allen are all working in fields that they were strangers to when they took up the work.

After the discussion, Dr. Chamberlain took up the matter of long services which each of the speakers had touched on to a greater or lesser length and said, speaking of himself that he often got so interested that time passed so quickly, he took no note of it.

Mr. Lounsbury mentioned a service at St. Ann's not long ago, that consumed over two hours time and said he would be a regular attendant but for that.

Dr. Chamberlain stated as the deaf attended theatres and social affairs for even larger periods than that, he didn't think a two hours' service should cause complaint.

This would be true, if there were intermissions to a service and if it were different each time, but even a good play that has a charm for a deaf man once, is rarely, if ever, witnessed a second time.

Mrs. Bulbe, Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Barnes and Miss Berley then dispensed coffee and a light lunch and the meeting adjourned to assemble again on November 28th.

The *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* in a recent editorial almost openly unites the Mahattan Literary Association to celebrate Gallaudet Day again this year.

In this request, the *Journal* hasn't the solid backing of New York's deaf people.

And for the reasons:

The Manhattan Literary Association is not a Literary Association at all, and moreover is a legally dead body.

It's charter states that it's subject is to cultivate and further literary and kindred pursuits and it does nothing for almost half a dozen years, it has held but one public meeting each year and that a money making scheme to enrichen itself while using the natal day of the great Gallaudet as a mask to shield its greed.

The charter provides that when it's membership falls below ten, it shall cease to exist as a corporate body. To-day this organization has but five members, though it carries on its rolls five others who have resigned within the past three years, and who pay no dues, and do not even get the satisfaction of an acceptance of their resignations though demanding it.

While two of its members possess ability enough to appear on the platform in literary roles, they do not do so, and as the others cannot, of course they do not.

Calling it a Literary Association does not make it one, and unless this body gets itself up to the legal standard, opens its doors to people who would like to join a Literary Society and carry out the aims of the founders the Association, no longer has the right to flaunt itself or put itself in a patriotic light under the pretense of honoring a man who would not countenance his name being used by such a body, if he were living, and cannot now that he is dead.

As it exists to-day, the Association is a fraud and an exponent of everything un-American.

Dec. 4th, is rapidly nearing and the League of Elect Surds are working with the tireless energy of the proverbial bearers in their efforts to create a high-water mark in Gothams entertainments for the deaf.

The "Ladies Night" of the aforementioned society was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Tho's F. Fox, on West 157th St., and combined with a birthday party in honor of Mr. Fox's birthday. Besides getting a number of useful and ornamental gifts, Mr. Fox shared with several of the ladies and gentlemen present in the matter of getting presents, as there were numerous prizes given to winners in Progressive Euchere and other games.

A. L. PACH.

LIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE FOR "THE Story of the Philippines," by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, H. L. Barber, Manager, 356 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

## The Kinetoscope and Telephone.

EDITED BY ALEXANDER L. PACH.

AT the Buffalo meeting of the Empire State Association, one of the small concessions was given out to a business man, who, in return, presented some of the officers with little mementoes of their courtesy. President Eddy returned his, with the statement that he did not think it becoming in a Presiding official to accept a gift under the circumstances, but asked to be permitted to pay for his; which he did.

I mention this incident to show that Mr. Eddy has particularly good notions of what is becoming an official and he is to be commended for the stand he took in the matter.

In the last issue of the SILENT WORKER, I gave some facts regarding the working of the Empire State Association. Where figures were quoted, they were from official reports and in gathering the material I chanced to notice at one or two meetings, the name of a man who was rich in suggestions, advice and criticisms, and I was surprised to find that he was never a member.

It seems to me if a man hasn't interest enough in an organization to pay the small fee that entitles him to membership, he ought to stand aside and let those who have paid their money do the talking.

A few evenings ago I ran across an old friend who was at school with me, and he is a genius in his way, so much so that I take this method of acquainting my readers with him without letting them know his name.

He has a happy faculty of remembering all the unpleasant things he has heard about his friends and retails them with great deliberation and great gusto to the persons themselves.

Things that belong to a past and almost forgotten generation are what he can hold on to longest and its such a genuine surprise to see him bring in, in a new way, some mistake or error of one of his listeners. He never fathers any thing in this line you know, but he just happened to meet Jimson Weed the other day, and Jimson Weed remarked, etc., and here's just where you get hit.

It's annoying at first, but with added years of experience you meet him and then sit down and brace yourself for a new installment.

There are still a great many deaf people who deny the right to a writer to find fault. They do not distinguish between "chronic Kickers," and critics who kick for rights that they are deprived of.

In 1776 there was drawn up a little document that was full of "Kicks."

The patriots of that day kicked at the oppressive rule of a tyrant thousands of miles away. They "kicked" so hard that we live to-day, in the grandest country on the face of the earth, and a free one. But for the Patriot's kick we might be a dependent of the old lady who, "By the Grace of God" is Queen of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales and Empress of India and ruler of a good sized spot on almost every part of the earth.

In '61 there were enough Kickers in the United States to criticize the institution of slavery. Millions of dollars were spent; hundreds of thousands men laid down their lives in support of the criticism, and the critics won.

Later on, Mr. Wm. Tweed ran the city of New York absolutely as if it were his own. When he and his gang of plunderers had stolen pretty nearly everything, there were critics with hardihood enough to ask him if he wasn't about through, and when he had his little laugh over these impudent critics, he asked, in great derision, "What are you going to about it?"

The critics showed him, and but a little while later Mr. Tweed found himself in jail.

A few years later a real philanthropist (though he wasn't appreciated), Mr. Jacob Sharp, gave Broadway a street-railroad. In order to give the people this great facility, which was a crying need, he was forced to pay heavy tribute to a Boodle Board of Aldermen.

The critics took up the "steal" and as a result

Mr. Sharp and the aldermen who didn't run away went to Sing Sing.

Since then, our Board of Aldermen, standing in awe of the critics, haven't been caught in any similar scheme.

Fresh in every one's memory is this country's criticism of Spanish rule in their territorial possessions. Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, etc. We protested mildly at first and when every other means failed then came war. All that this entailed in loss of life; injury to health; great cost in the financial sense, was the result of criticism, which had its inception in the minds of a few people who did not consider a matter right just because it was, or because a majority didn't care enough about it one way or the other to speak.

The President, The Governor, The Mayor, all our officials from the highest to the lowest, do their duty not only because they must but they fear the criticism they would meet if they didn't do right.

At the last meeting of the Pennsylvania Association for the Advancement of the Deaf, a committee brought in a report favoring a Board of Trustees consisting of nine instead of three. This was neither more nor less than a criticism of their own actions in having previously had a board of three.

The President promptly stated that he wouldn't serve on a board of nine and this was a criticism of the committees' action. Progress is attained by these criticisms when their wisdom or otherwise is proven.

In New York, we have a fine museum of Art, and a fine aquarium. These were closed to the poor and moderately circumstanced people because they were closed on Sundays, the only day they had to visit them. Criticism opened the doors of both.

And so it has been all through the calendar. William Lloyd Garrison criticised slavery and to-day that loathsome state doesn't exist in our land, but the critic, William Lloyd Garrison, came dangerously near being hung to a lamp post because of his audacious words.

Congress assembles and listens to a criticism from the President—his message is practically that.

On the editorial page of every one of the thousands of live newspapers are criticisms—three-quarters of the editorials are criticisms of Political, Religious or Financial affairs.

Our schools for the deaf are not such sacred institutions that a deaf man must refrain from criticising things that he knows are not as they should be.

Newspapers that claim to represent the deaf cannot claim exemption when they constantly insult the intelligence of the deaf by printing matter that should never see daylight.

Conventions of bodies that call themselves National or State or City organizations, when run in a "one-sided" or "off-sided" manner, cannot hope to go on to the end misrepresenting the deaf and using their deafness, and borrowing the deafness of other people to pose before the public in a way they have neither right nor warrant to, must expect criticism.

The trouble has been that the great majority were content to let things be as they found them; to run on in the same current and in the same channel that others did, and when the time did come for some one to ask "Is this right?" "Is this so?" the universal instinct has been to jump on him.

One hundred people will contentedly ride in open street cars that a soulless monopoly provide in pneumonia breeding weather and endure it, the hundred and first man will go to Board of Health or Aldermen and get a law passed through that will do away with such a nuisance in the future and many lives are saved by the pertinacity of one single kicker.

Millions of people ride in the Elevated cars, and for years they pay ten cents, were crowded in like cattle and the oil lamps were an abomination.

To-day these same roads have gas illuminated cars, express trains are run and the fare is five cents.

Did the company do this of their own accord?

By no means. The "Kickers," newspapers and individuals forced them to it.

One evil remains, we ride in the cars that are ventilated and the air becomes poisonous. This has been so for many years—no one had kicked hard enough and even the Board of Health has taken no notice of it. The other day Captain Chadwick of the U. S. S. Cruiser "New York" took it on himself to complain—to become a critic, that is, and now the Elevated Road is being stirred up and we will have another evil abolished.

I have spoken of criticism in many of its varying phases, and its differing sense. Only the sacred persons of the individual is safe from criticism. We may criticize a man as Mayor but not as an individual. We may find fault with the editor for what appears in his paper, but not with him as an individual. We have nothing to do with the people in private life but when they assume stations or places that bring them into the focus of the public eye, you can justly turn on the searchlight, if there is any just ground for so doing.

My story in the September issue of this paper, speaking of the P. S. A. D., and the doings of the convention at York has brought forth replies from Mr. Allabough who delivered the address on which I commented, and Mr. Reider, both zealous P. S. A. D., workers, and the latter a staunch partisan of the President's, so staunch in fact that he always moves to tender a vote of thanks when any one does some little thing in the line of duty. The Parallels serve excellently here:

Mr. Allabough says:

Mr. Pach tells where the fault lies, and calls attention to the necessity of a change in the system. This is all right as far as his opinions go. But to prejudice the public mind against the Home movement by alluding to the reverend gentlemen as an impediment to its progress or success is not commendable. Great care should be exercised in making personal allusions.

No, my dear Mr. Allabough, I made no allusions against the two clergymen, both of whom are my personal friends. One of them has on more than one occasion shared the same "bunk" with me, broke bread with me, and even baptised my children. Against neither of them did I, or would I utter a word. I did say that the fact that two Episcopal clergymen, forming two-thirds of a Board of Trustees of a State Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf people, would prejudice the minds of many who might otherwise help.

The Home is not to be Sectarian, President Koehler himself says so, but it doesn't augur well for its prospects if the two clergymen's presence on the board causes a mistaken impression to go out.

I plead guilty to this charge. Mr. Allabough was in the position of a man who, not riding a bicycle or caring or knowing anything about its pleasure and benefits, advised other people to give up their wheels. Mr. Allabough was sincere, but he wasn't consistent.

Yes, I was present when the Doctor advised this, but I didn't take it seriously, for a man in Dr. Crouter's position on such occasions has to say just such things but the people he was addressing were, in the main, poor people who are constantly making sacrifices—they know what it means more than the Doctor does, for they toil for small wages and earn less in five years than the Doctor does in one.

Amen, so say we all.

Well, haven't I?

You certainly have pointed out nothing in my remarks which were not strictly true.

Again, Mr. Allabough says:

"In referring to the paper, 'How Can We Swell the Home Fund?' Mr. Pach charges the speaker with 'a lack of consideration' and 'selfishness.'"

Mr. Allabough says the advice wasn't original with him, for he says:

"Dr. Crouter made just the same remark at Reading in 1888, and no dissenting voice was heard, either in the hall or out of it. Why? The name of Alexander L. Pach was on the enrollment list."

Mr. Allabough sagely observes:

"Sarcasms are not arguments, either."

Mr. Allabough concludes:

"Let him confine himself strictly to facts in his criticisms, whether complimentary or not, so that his conclusions may be entitled to consideration."



Mr. Reider says:

"In dilating upon this subject a well-known writer, in the last issue of WORKER, practically advises a distribution of the Funds to alleviate all kinds of misery among the deaf. It's a remarkable proposition, and doubly so, coming from one of this writer's intelligence. The mere idea suggests Socialism. Had the original idea been proclaimed to be such, we doubt that there would be any funds contributed at all."

Yes, this is true, I did say it was a better kind of Philanthropy to try to abolish conditions that lead to Pauperism. I don't believe in putting a man or woman in a public institution except as a last resort.

Medical treatment for brain disorders is better than an insane asylum.

Scientific coping with certain conditions of life as found to-day is better than the prison bars which sooner or later confront the offender.

Peace Conventions and Boards of arbitration are better than costly Wars and bloody strikes, summed up to a single sentence:

#### AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

You know the rest, Mr. Reider—

If this is socialism, then I'm more than willing to be put down as a Socialist.

Mr. Reider further says:

"Ah! it is all very well to talk about abolishing conditions of pauperism, but pauperism will always exist."

Mr. Reider asks:

"Why do not cities and towns distribute money among their pauper subjects?"

I'm not such a pessimist as to believe it. I think as man keeps advancing future generations will look back to pauperism as we of to-day look back to slavery; to the Inquisition and to other horrors of a gone-by time.

They do—every town and township has its overseers of the poor and Commissioners of charity. Millions of dollars are spent annually in this country in this way. I'm surprised that Mr. Reider does not know this. Here in New York Dr. Gallaudet and Dr. Chamberlain relieve hundreds of cases of temporary destitution and help people get a footing for a fresh start. If they were sent to an almshouse there would be little incentive to self-support left.

Mr. Reider ought to know that the almshouse, like the Potter's Field, is the last resort and the most dreaded by all humanity. Why should we establish Potter's Fields when by a little greater effort we can make "Greenwood's" and "Laurel Hills?"

Again Mr. Reider remarks:

"He forgets that money given to a home will help to perpetuate it and there it will do the greatest amount of good."

Says Mr. Reider:

"Now, one can not help growing old and feeble. With blindness, deafness and dumbness added to their misfortune, their condition is truly pitiable. This writer would have them boarded with relatives or friends to spare their sensitive feelings, or, as he puts it, to save them from humiliation, at the expense of the charitably disposed."

Continues Mr. Reider:

"Why do not churches pay off the mortgages of these poor members instead of sending money to distant heathen countries? Why do not the rich will good sums of money to wipe out pauperism instead of giving it to churches, homes, colleges and institutions?"

First question:

Because there is a weak link in the chain, Mr. Reider; it's because of a short sighted policy—the same policy that Mrs. Jellaby pursued when she made night-gowns for little Africans who didn't need them while her own children run around neglected. Your second question is a little harder to answer, but when the rich give money to colleges they are planting seeds that reduces the causes that lead to pauperism—Education is the greatest enemy that pauperism has.

In giving money to churches they are also alleviating

Mr. Reider concludes:

The home is an institution which has long since come and will continue eternally.

distress, and reducing the number of cases that the almshouses receive.

By this Mr. Reider means the pauper home, and I am not ready to concede such a sweeping assertion.

As civilization marches onward the searchlight of progress will throw its rays on the festering cancers that are a blot on humanity. In the days to come there will be no Insanity, no prisons, no almshouses. And I honestly believe there will be no people afflicted with blindness or deafness or dumbness. Compare the sixteenth century with the nineteenth and then think how the nineteenth will compare with the twenty-second.

A. L. Pach.

The other day a meeting was held in New York by a society affiliated with St. Ann's Church, the details of which appear in the column devoted to New York matters. The point I wish to dwell on here is that regarding missionary work among the deaf. A consensus of opinion of four or five after the meeting left one's mind in doubt as to what steps should be taken to make this work as effective in all places as it is now in a very few.

From my own observation, I think one fault lies with the workers—the clerical worker I mean. I know of one, who, through prejudice, fairly hounded a deaf man for three years—pursued him with assaulting and threatening letters and when he got his case up before a tribunal of deaf men, two of whom were fellow clergymen, his case fell to pieces and he didn't get a vote. Now, a man with such a mean spirit is not the man capable of elevating the deaf or helping them to pave the way to a glorious hereafter.

Another cause for indifference is the selection of lay workers who show zealotry whose real purpose is to gain an easy living.

Those who seek to teach the deaf to a better life should show some qualifications for the work. We couldn't expect to sit and listen to a sermon on Purity from a man whose vileness drove his wife and children from their home never to re-enter it, and yet we are asked to do this.

We have men who should not be allowed to fill any higher sphere in an ecclesiastical edifice, than the post of sexton. These lay workers are allowed to don gowns only because they have succeeded in wheedling large sums of money from rich brewers and others, in aid of the church, and they are spurred to collect large sums by the fact that they get a large share of the donations—in fact, it is their bread and butter.

Another thing that had especial stress laid on it was the character of the sermons preached. The chances are that nearly every sermon preached to a deaf audience will have little of genuine interest in it to an 1899 audience. The story of the sermon is usually about St. Luke, or Moses, and it will have a long explanation of how the miracles were performed and why they were performed, and every time I see a hard working missionary preaching about miracles, I wonder why he doesn't look into the faces of the intelligent members of the congregation and perform a miracle himself—the miracle of preaching a practical sermon.

A year ago at Columbus Ohio, I coaxed one of the most intelligent deaf men in the world to accompany me to an Episcopal Church in that city to attend a service. It was during the Teachers' Convention and there were gathered some fifty of the brainiest deaf men and women of this country and I wanted to see them at church.

I didn't see them.

The service had been prominently advertised and yet when my friends and myself entered the church there were five priests in the chancel and only six deaf people gathered to see the service.

The church was dimly lighted. Much of what was said was said so rapidly and some of the responses were so "flippant" in appearance that it was not inspiring or elevating and one left the church with the fact that he lacked an important sense emphasized more than ever. Here was a service unintelligible through a lack of light,

through signs that are used so often that they are cut at both ends by way of abbreviation and with white gowns and large sleeves, that added to the picturesqueness but not the legibility of a service one longed for, a service such as normal people get.

The grand processions and recessions, the organ's varied tones, now swelling grand, grander, now falling till the high notes are reached and the last one touched them back to the bass and then—

"Our Father,"

and the rest of the prayer in spoken language, with every word full of import. In signs, to one who has heard, it appears such a weak, weak substitute.

And a funeral service, to the hearing lightens the burden of woe. "Oh Promise Me," "I heard a Voice From Heaven," and similar hymns, cause the tears to stop flowing, for the time being, and funeral woe is turned into a pompous and majestic ceremony that takes away some of the sting of death. In the hushed silence of the sacred edifice when the cortege enters and the clergyman in words full of import and full of comfort to believers intones,

*"I am the Resurrection and the Life, Saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he be dead, yet shall he live."*

In signs, how weak and insipid the promise is!

Not long ago I attended a funeral. A deaf woman lay within the narrow confines of her last home. It was a hot summer day and in the little parlor of her home; the little home that was now broken up, many friends had gathered to pay a last tribute to her worth.

The Episcopal service was read, in signs. It was prolonged, and not one of the many requirements were curtailed. The friends were packed so close as to make it impossible to move. The windows were closed and the only air came from the street door, and there was not much of that.

Over and over again we breathed air each in turn was poisoning. Finally the signs came to mean nothing. The husband and father, though deaf, saw nothing of them. His eyes, now on the closed ones of her who had been his companion, then round the room where there were so many evidences of the love of the little wife and mother, so many fond touches of the loving hand; then back to the silent face of his beloved dead.

The signs—what did they mean? How could they comfort him? The wife was gone; the home broken; the children motherless. In a little while they would take her away—never to return, to-morrow, or the day after, he would dispose of all his effects, except those that sentiment would not let him part with and then with his little ones, lock the door of the ruined castle that had been home to him.

And the sermon went on—it told of people dead these 2,000 years; it went through set forms that are all right for the hearing but all wrong for the deaf. At last, fairly in agony, the heart-broken man turned to the minister and omitting all formalities said:

"That's enough, please stop."

The injunction was necessary, though it shouldn't have been if good judgment had been used.

Not long ago I was in one of our large cities, and called on an old friend, an educated deaf man and one in every way in touch with the world; and after spending a congenial afternoon, I asked what the program for the evening would be.

He said there was to be a service by Rev. —, but he wouldn't advise my going. "Why not?" Well, if the minister saw him and I together, the service would last an hour and a half. I told him I wanted to go despite that, and, too, I wanted to meet the deaf of the city.

"But you won't meet them; there are forty or more smart deaf people here, but they don't attend service. You will find less than half a dozen, and more likely only three, and of the three only one will understand what the preacher is talking about, and there won't be much to captivate in that, since it's usually 'dry bones.'"

In spite of this gloomy prediction we went, and

(Continued on page 44.)

# Silent Worker

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JOHN P. WALKER, M.A., Editor.

GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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## EDITORIAL.

IF WE only dared to think that all the nice things said by Brothers Hecker, Caldwell, Blattner, Rider *et id omne genus* were true, how happy we'd be.

YOU need make no further defence ENOUGH of the position that England occupies in her little unpleasantry SAID in Southern Africa, Mr. Matthison.

The attitude of our mother country during a recent little episode of our own, is yet very fresh in our memories, and we are not asking any questions.

IN THE FOR years and years, the subject of the higher education BYE AND BYE of the deaf has been under discussion both in England and America, with the difference, that long since the chimera became an entity on this side of the water, while it is still under discussion, with apparently about as little prospect as ever of amounting to anything, on the other. A splendid college for the deaf has for years been in operation in Washington; a similar one, even a much finer one, exists in the minds of our British brethren. It is as yet, however, only in their minds. It has been urged for our friends that they do everything with the greatest care, slowly and surely, and in the end, are only satisfied with perfection. Let us hope that this new college, that is being evolved, will be of this character, and that, when finished, it shall be something as complete and massive as—as, say, the discussion that has preceded it.

GRIM It needs a stroke of lightning to awaken some folks to a sense of HUMOR the niceties. A school-boy friend of ours used daily to buy a pie, at recess, not to satisfy his hunger, but simply to offer some friend a bite, and, when his tender was accepted, with a sudden thrust, to mingle the ingredients of the dainty with the features

of his unsuspecting chum. It is needless to say that before long he played the prank upon a boy who failed to see the joke. The latter in return, unceremoniously hit out and subjected the would-be joker's features to a treatment that completely cured him of the habit.

A certain commonwealth, not a million miles away, some time since placed in control of its school for the deaf a Board of Trustees that had a somewhat similar idea of humor. It would telegraph to aspirants for honor in the work, that they had been appointed principal, tell them to select a new corps of teachers and to come on at once. The delighted appointed would ship all his belongings, make his selections of assistants and take the journey, only to find that it was a little joke. Would be principals soon tired of the fun, the state, ere long, grew similarly tired, and to-day there is a new Board with a different notion. There will be few in the profession who will experience any poignant regret at the change that has occurred in the personnel of this particular Board.

IN our issue of September we seem to have been generous to DEAR MESSENGER:—our contemporary the *British Deaf Monthly* rather than just to you, in that we gave credit to the former's for your most excellent article on "Mr. Kings Report and Signs." Believe us we consider the emanations from your pen as much yours as your pocket-book, and regret greatly the carelessness that caused us to rob you of the credit that would otherwise have been yours. When you say in your reference that you consider us as among the best of your exchanges, you do us an honor of which we are most proud, confirm us in our esteem for you, and render more firm than ever our determination to give you hereafter all of the large amount of credit that is due you.

## Pennsylvania.

THE Local Branch idea seems to be gaining a good hold in this State, for which the Pennsylvania Society is to be congratulated. And, great must be the pleasure and satisfaction with which the first advocate of the idea, the Rev. J. M. Koehler, views this condition. While the principle is not a new one but one adopted long since by various secret and beneficial orders, and now applied to a vast number of business concerns, the fact remains that it was first introduced into the Society by the above mentioned person who therefore is entitled to the credit.

The aim of Local Branches is to stimulate local interest in the Pennsylvania Society, to gain new members, to perpetuate membership, to arouse popular interest in and to aid the Home project as opportunity offers and to advance the interests of the Society generally. Thus much side work could be done for the Society by them. The Home project especially could be kept moving forward by the proceeds of lectures, entertainments, socials, excursions, and by other ways. The Pittsburgh Branch has already proved its usefulness to the Society by its work and a very commendable record.

More recently the Philadelphia Branch, organized on August 23rd, 1890, made itself known and heard at a public meeting in the Guild Hall of All Souls, church for the Deaf, presided over by Rev. J. M. Koehler in the absence of Chairman Thomas Breen. Over forty deaf were in attendance, the greater part of its time was occupied in elucidating the Branch idea, which is not yet known to a large portion of the deaf in the State.

As a result of this meeting, the Society had

four new members added to its roll. Work was also outlined for the Branch and committees appointed to carry it out. Another meeting will be held before long when others are expected to be taken in as members. St. Margaret's Mission, of Pittsburg, is temporarily guaranteed at the parish house of Calvary Church, East End, until the new parish house of Trinity Church downtown is finished. Arrangements are being made for a reception at the formal opening of the new parish house, which takes place some time in December.

The Halloween festival, under the auspices of St. Margaret Mission, held on the evening of Friday, October 27th, was a success in every respect. About \$20 was cleared for the Misison.

A new Kindergarten school at the Western Pennsylvania Institution is in course of erection. It is to be fifty by 100 feet and will cost about \$36,000.

Principal Burt and wife spent one week in the East, from the 10th to the 18th ult. After calling on their son, James, at the University of Pennsylvania, they visited the Mt. Airy school, and also the Fanwood and Lexington Ave. schools in New York.

The Pittsburg Local Branch of the T. S. A. D. will soon get up an entertainment, the proceeds of which will go to the Home Fund.

Mr. Thomas Breen celebrated his birthday anniversary by a party, on Saturday evening, 4th of November. His friends made the event the occasion for presenting him with a beautiful couch. An excellent supper was served the guests, and altogether a very pleasant evening was spent.

The National Export Exposition, which opened in the middle of September and will close about December 2nd, attracts a number of deaf from out of town. Not a week passes but some come to see it. Classes of pupils from the Mt. Airy School visit the Exposition every week.

A Basket Party was given by the Clerc Literary Society at its rooms on Hallowe'en, October 31st. It was an enjoyable affair and about twelve dollars were realized.

At a recent literary entertainment of the Clerc Literary Association, one of the participants was little Master Joseph E. Lipsett, the hearing son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Lipsett. Although only eight years old, he recited "The Bull-King" in such a clear and cute away as to surprise his older folks. His delivery was by signs and the manual alphabet.

The following weddings occurred since the last writing:

On October 25th, Miss Della Irene Robinson to Mr. John M. Wismer, in Philadelphia; October 17th, Miss Jennie Gilflen to Mr. Charles E. Wetzler, in Pfontz Valley, Pa.; November, 8th, Miss Annie M. Nolan to Mr. Charles W. Hagy, at All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia; October, 11th, Miss Etta Morris, (hearing) to Mr. H. Ross Weisel, at Doylestown, Pa.; October 18th, Miss Emma Oliver, of Honesdale, to Mr. Robert E. Davis, of Wilkesbarre.

Mr. James Logan, A. M., formerly a teacher in the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, is still in Pittsburg. He is engaged in the fire and life insurance business.

All Souls' Church sent the sum of \$3.68 to the Porto Rican Relief Fund, as its mite. It was thankfully acknowledged by the bankers in charge of the Fund, Drexel Co.

Mrs. Alice Kemp, of Greensburg, has been appointed guardian for John Stump a deaf-mute, whose estate is said to be worth more than \$2,000. C. P. Cape and W. N. Brinker are her bondsmen.

J. S. REIDER.

Love, like despair, catches at straws.  
—Quentin Durward.



## If You See It Here, It's So.

BY NIXON.

THE little affairs of the business world in which I move are ample argument for every one hoping to make a success in life to assiduously observe the few hints I have thrown out in the past concerning the course one should pursue from the time of entering upon a scholastic life to the time of being thrown adrift in the business world. My sphere is one in which I have daily intercourse with men of business and probably I have a better chance than many to note things that can only be noticed by one who has dealings with various parties and does not confine his labors to one workroom or to a limited scope. What is more, I am privileged to enter intimately into the discussion of the plans and, to a measure, the carrying on of the business of two firms. This enables me to see a greater variety of important points in money making than may be possible for the ordinary workman. The head of a firm does not confide to his employees matters that concern his business, except so far as is necessary in the employees' connection with the work that must be done. This is the rule in every well regulated business office, and it effectually bars the simple workman from gaining an intimate knowledge of the purely business end of the concern. Having relations with two firms, in one more than in the other, of course, I have had many opportunities of watching the daily grind in the office or offices. I have come to know each workman in a way that, should I suddenly be called to pick out a force of good men for the kind of work they are doing, I would be in position to pick out the best and have a force of splendid workers, leaving out those men I know from actual contact with them to be inferior or unreliable.

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The knowledge gained thus may never be of actual value to me in connection with the two firms I have in mind, but in a way it is of incalculable value to any one who has anything to do with business affairs of whatever nature. It enables the possible employer to judge men better when it comes his turn to employ them and in this way it makes it possible for him to reduce to the minimum the liability of having under his supervision men who are incompetent or careless. Such knowledge is invaluable to any one, but especially to one having the direction of men and a large volume of work in his hands. The elimination of the incompetent from the force is the only way in which a business is enabled to flourish. Would any one think, then, the youth at school who pays but indifferent attention to the performance of the tasks set before him stands a good chance of securing and holding a lucrative position? "The boy is father to the man" is a maxim that can be applied to any case with no more appropriateness than to the case in hand. The boy who is careless in the school-room or in the work-shop will carry the habit with him to his work when a man, and he then comes under the ban of his employer in short order, and is the first to be let out when there must be a retrenchment or reducing of the force. A case illustrating this very clearly has come under my notice in the office of one of the firms referred to. At the beginning of the month the firm lost one of its good workmen, and having a large amount of extra work on hand, with the prospect of being rushed all the month, they employed two young men, one of whom soon proved himself utterly worthless, while the other has shown that he has some good qualities as a workman and may be relied on. The firm has been obliged to keep the former longer than desirable, on account of a large amount of work on hand and the inability to secure another man, but it is only a matter of days before he will have to step out. The other day a piece of work he had done for the firm which I had the duty of representing brought forth my most righteous wrath on account of its poor execution, and the matter was carried to the attention of the employer of that young man. After making reparation as far as possible the head of the concern employing him admitted the utter incompet-

ency of the workman and added that "they would let him out as soon as they could decently do so."

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A fairly intimate acquaintance with this young man and a knowledge of his habits and inclinations satisfy me that he will never rise above what he is now, nor will he ever save much money from his earnings. He is pretty sure of going through life a mere workman, with seldom a really steady situation to his credit. It may not be far from the truth to say that he is likely to cover the whole land and then leave this mundane sphere with only the satisfaction of having made his living and enough to spend for pleasures, but of "footprints in the sands of time" he will leave behind him none. Were we to accost him now and draw from him a full statement of his boyhood days at school and in the beginning of his industrial life, there can be no doubt but what it will bristle with all those tendencies that may be found in the indolent young man. In fact, these tendencies are yet apparent and will probably never be effaced so long as the man allows himself to remain what he now is. His is but one case that I have observed; I might go on and cite several such cases but consider one or two sufficient. However, before I leave this particular point entirely I wish to state one case of which I became aware but a short time ago. I had been discussing matters of mutual interest with a gentleman who is at the head of a large printing establishment in the town in which I reside, and the conversation turned upon the disappearance of one Wallace, a writer and printer, (with the privilege of affixing A. B. to his name.) Replying to the query why he did not stay with the house that had employed him, my friend said: "Wallace was not competent, and the typographical union fired him from the office." That was explanation enough—not competent, and the inevitable consequence of being let out to wander and find work elsewhere if he could.

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Such cases as these are the result of the subject's early life and training, coupled with the inclinations and ambitions, if any, that he possesses, or rather their lack. With no serious consideration of the fact that the waste of time and opportunities he permits will work to his injury when he grows older, the youth flits through his school years with as little real work and self reliance as he can and when he has left the halls of the school or academy he confronts the world. It is then he realizes what he has lost, or else he is so devoid of pride and ambition that a realizing sense cannot affect him. As I have said before, it should be the aim of the schools for the deaf to make their pupils realize as far as possible what they will have to contend with when they bid good-by to their *Alma Mater* and to inculcate in them while at school such habits of industry as will make them take the utmost pride in doing any piece of work well and in putting into their work their very best efforts, regardless of the possible lack of appreciation on the part of their employers. They should know that good work is always appreciated, though their employers may never say so to them. The only way for them to perform their part of the work is to do it well and in an intelligent manner, then let the work speak for itself when it comes to a question of competency. There are in our schools some pupils who seem utterly unable to grasp the importance that attaches to the subject in hand, but the majority, I am constrained to think, are not handled right while young and easily susceptible of the proper molding of the mind, to say nothing of the training of the hands. Might it not be well for the schools to take a more serious view of the matter from their standpoint—that of preparing their charges for the battles of life?

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The band that plays one and the same tune through the concert does not prove a great drawing card—and it may be some critical readers are beginning to liken the author of these few notes to that band. Therefore I will forestall their quitting in disgust, and give them something a little different, though my series of articles will not end till the subject of the relation of the deaf to the business world has been gone over quite thoroughly. I have been asked: "What is a business man?" To answer the

question satisfactorily to all is impossible, for different men have a different definition to a business man. Some have set up the contention that a man who is in any line of work to make money may be called a business man. The definition is too broad and vague; it would take in every line of work and give a clear definition to no particular line. Others want a clear line drawn between what may properly be designated as business and the professions. There really is a dividing line between the two, but how it may be distinguished is rather hard to decide, for opinions differ. Law, pedagogy and medicine are designated as professions, and rightly so, while the carrying on of any industry where buying and selling of any commodity are the chief features is known as a business enterprise. The men engaging in any business enterprise must have a training materially different from that to be acquired by those who take up one of the professions; and herein we see the chief difference between a business and a profession, although the two have the same end in view, *i. e.*, the acquiring of wealth. The means employed are different. As Carnegie has put it, the successful business man must have certain qualities that are not required by the man in the professions to any great extent; he must have an intuitive knowledge of human nature, a genius for organization and the capacity for inspiring his subordinates. The first must certainly be required by the lawyer or the doctor, but the latter two do not appear so essential to the professions as they are to the business man. Of course there are other qualifications that the business man must possess in order to become successful but these are among the principal.

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A business man is an employer of many hands and he must be able to deal with a great variety of questions that never come up to perplex the lawyer or the doctor; many men who conduct business on a large scale have anywhere from fifty to several thousand employees, and to be able to direct each and decide perplexing questions almost every hour of the day calls for tact and intuition that would be superfluous in the lawyer's or the doctor's career. The business man does not necessarily have a special or a scientific training for his calling, but if he has the intuition to guide others he may employ specialists who will do such work for him, while the lawyer must be a thorough specialist. From this it may be seen that there is a big difference between the business man's necessary qualifications and those of the professional man. It is not so much the specialist we are now desirous of turning out, but the practical man who shall have the capacity for handling a variety of questions with equal facility. Hence the training of our young men should be cast along those lines that will bring him up to the man endowed with these necessary qualifications.



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## School - Room.

Conducted by R. B. Lloyd, A.B.

THE questions we give on this page in this month's issue of the SILENT WORKER are those given to the pupils of the Trenton public schools on the completion of their sixth years in school, and should be of interest to teachers of the deaf as a basis for comparison with what is accomplished in the same period in schools for the deaf. Most hearing children in this grade are under fifteen years of age and the papers handed in with the answers were remarkably accurate and well written, as I can testify from personal inspection.

### HISTORY—Sixth Grade.

(Pupils required to answer ten questions.)

1. In the settlement of a new country, what is the most favorable location for the growth of a city?
2. By whom were the following discoveries made: Continent of North America, Pacific Ocean, Mississippi River, Florida, West Indies?
3. Give a brief account of the settlement of Virginia, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland.
4. By whom was Plymouth settled? Why did those people come to America?
5. What was the cause of the Revolution? Where was the first battle fought? What ended the war?
6. Name the thirteen original colonies.
7. What three places in New Jersey are memorable in connection with our war for independence?
8. What did Congress do, July 4, 1776?
9. How was slavery first introduced into the United States?
10. Which is the only European nation that retains any portion of the continent of North America?
11. How was Alaska obtained by the United States?
12. Name the cause of the Civil War?
13. What do the stars and stripes of our flag each represent?
14. Name three inventors and tell what they invented.
15. What influence did the invention of steam-boats, the construction of railroads, and the invention of the electric telegraph have on the development of our country?
16. Who is Mayor of Trenton? Who is Governor of New Jersey?
17. Tell of the life of Benjamin Franklin.
18. Who was Cornwallis, Benedict Arnold, Col. Rall, Paul Revere?
19. What land have we gained during the last year? How did we gain it?
20. What general in the Spanish-American war do you most admire? Why?

### GEOGRAPHY.

(Ten questions required. Questions 1 and 2 are obligatory.)

1. Tell about the lowlands of North America and of Europe and the climate and products of each of these continents, and the nations which inhabit each.
2. Name the chief cities and bays of North America and Europe. Name the peninsulas of North America and Europe. Name the chief drainage-water of North America and Europe.

3. What islands of the Pacific Ocean have recently become a part of the United States?
4. Describe the climate and surface of Mexico. What kind of government has it?
5. What kind of government has the United States? Name three departments of it and tell the duties of each.
6. Where are the ocean fishing-grounds? What kind of fish are caught?
7. Name the coal region, grain region and manufacturing district of the United States.
8. Name five agricultural products of the great "Central Plain" of North America.
9. Compare Europe and the United States, regarding size and population.
10. How does the government of Great Britain differ from that of the United States?
11. Name the "Commercial Centers" for each of the following districts: North Atlantic States, Gulf States, Mississippi Valley, and the Pacific States.
12. What is a harbor? Name the best one on the coast of North America.
13. What is a watershed? What is a waterfall? Name the most celebrated in the world and tell where located.
14. What is Commerce—explain the two kinds. Name two exports and two imports.
15. Locate some canals and tell why they are useful.

### LANGUAGE—Sixth Grade.

Ten questions to be answered. No. 1 required. Writing marked from letter.

1. Write a letter to your mother, who is supposed to be visiting friends in Philadelphia.
2. Use the plural of the following words in sentences: woman, child, house, knife, lady, mouse.
3. Do you admire Henry W. Longfellow? Why? Write a short stanza from one of his poems.
4. Use in sentences: gone, saw, went, there, them, seen, lie, lay.
5. Give three degrees of comparison for the following adjectives: Wise, good, much, beautiful.
6. Name the four genders and give examples of each.
7. Underline the adverbs in the following:  
The brook chatters musically.  
The oak spreads her strong arms protectingly over us.  
We entered quietly and wrote rapidly until the work was done.
8. Mark the parts of speech in the following sentences:  
The snow falls silently and slowly.  
We gather violets, daisies, and bluebells.
9. Name the subject, predicate, and object in the following:  
My sister found a new penknife.
10. Show how to address an envelope correctly.
11. Wanted—A bright boy to assist in the office of a wholesale dry-goods house. Address, stating qualifications, age, and salary expected, "H.C., 'World' office."  
Answer the above advertisement.
12. Name five pronouns, five nouns, three adjectives and three verbs.
13. Punctuate the following:  
Ladies shoes are very expensive  
The Fairies Carnival was a great success  
Flowers bloom in the fields meadows and highways  
Gen Lee said Men we have fought the war together and I have done the best I could for you

14. Write a telegram asking your brother to meet you. Name time and place.

### ARITHMETIC—Sixth Grade.

Note—Number 1, 9, 10, 11, must be answered. Ten questions in all are to be answered.

1. Arrange in order of size and add  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , 3, .25,  $\frac{3}{4}$ , 2, 4.
2. Which is cheaper to buy, apples @ \$1.48 a bushel or @ \$0.40 a peck?
3. How many feet of fence would be needed to enclose a lot 6 rods long and 4 rods wide?
4. How many cubic feet of earth will be removed in digging a cellar 25 ft. long, 15 ft. wide and 7 ft. deep? What will be the cost at \$0.18 per cu. yd.?
5. If you borrow \$720, at 5%, what must you pay for the use of it at the end of 2 yrs. 4 mos.?
6. A man has 324 bu. of apples, which he wishes to put into barrels containing 2.25 but each. How many barrels will be required?
7. How much will it cost to plaster a room 24 ft. long, 15 ft. wide and 9 ft. high, at \$0.30 per sq. yd.? No allowance is made for openings.
8. An agent sold goods to the amount of \$1,260. What is his commission at  $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ ?
9. What would it cost to carpet a room 27 ft. long, 18 ft. wide, with carpet 27 in. wide, at \$0.85 per yard?
10. Which would you rather have, and why—.75 or  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a dollar;  $\frac{1}{3}$  of a yd. or 27 in;  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a qt. or 25% of it?
11. Multiply 3 by  $33\frac{1}{3}$ . Divide 715 by 5.5.
12. A grocer sold 17 bbls. of flour @ \$6.50 per bbl., and with the money bought coal at \$5.50 per ton. How much coal did he buy?

### A SUCCESSFUL GERMAN DEAF LITHOGRAPHER.

Foreign papers chronicle the death of John Pacher, near Hamburg, Germany, on the 7th of Feb. last. Herr Pacher was educated by the German method. After leaving school and mastering art of lithography he opened a small establishment of his own and through untiring industry, practical knowledge of his art and executive ability, his establishment gradually grew to large proportions, ranking among the best in Europe. He conducted this business for thirty-three years, until the date of his death. In recognition of his personal worth and wide acquaintance with prominent men in commercial circles the government designated him as an Imperial Commissioner. Though Herr Pacher's interests and association were chiefly with the great hearing world, he preserved intimate and cordial relations with a host of deaf-mute friends, and his private liberality was never stinted in relieving the necessities of the unfortunate.—*New Era*.

### HELEN KELLER.

She lives in light, not shadow;  
Not silence, but the sound  
Which thrills the stars of heaven  
And trembles from the ground.

She breathes a finer ether,  
Beholds a keener sun:  
In her supernal being  
Music and light are one.

Unknown the subtle senses  
That lead her through the day,—  
Love, light, and song and color  
Come by another way.

Sight brings she to the seeing,  
New song to those that hear,  
Spirit with scarce a veil of flesh;  
A soul made visible.

Or is it only a lovely girl,  
With flowers at her maiden breast,  
Helen, here is a book of song  
From the poet who loves you best.  
—Richard Waston Gilder.



## Deaf Women and Their Work.

BY MISS HYPATIA BOYD.

Persons desiring questions answered in this Department should send to 1046 National Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

### THE JOURNALIST, OR LITERARY ASPIRANT

THE province of journalism is open to any one who may desire to enter it, but it is not every one who has the ability, or rather the genius to succeed in such a field where the roads are tortuous and thorny, thus suggesting the familiar saying that, "the gods place hard work before all things desirable." But though, the price we have to pay to succeed in this field is a high and painful one, and though, there are many severe disappointments to be encountered, yet for all that, journalism is a most fascinating sphere of labor to those persons who, by nature, are so constituted that they take a keen delight in writing, just for the pleasure of writing. Of course, such fortunate persons possess what I once heard some one term, "the journalistic armour," which includes, first of all, self-confidence; secondly, a good education, particularly as it concerns the use of the English language, since this is the principal instrument which one must continually wield in the expression of ideas, and the diffusion of knowledge; then one must have "worldly experience," and, in addition to this, one will also need a cool head, clear judgment, the ability to think and act quickly, a good understanding of that most interesting of studies,—human nature—and, above all, "an-up-and-try-again-spirit," which no amount of discouraging can break."

#### Some Good Advice for Beginners.

This same essential and courageous spirit, is, I believe, synonymous with what Barrie terms the "journalistic instinct, which includes a determination not to be beaten, as well as an aptitude for selecting the proper subjects." And, in this connection it may be pardonable to amplify the foregoing by relating a talk I once had with a literary aspirant. She often told me that "she wished she could write for the papers," and I urged her to try.

"Take up some interesting subject," I advised her, "think it over carefully, and write on one side of the paper only. If you can have your manuscript typewritten, all the better, but if not, then write in your best penmanship as plainly as possible. Use good paper, and good black ink, for an editor has a right to refuse to read a manuscript which is written in ink of so poor a quality, as to be a strain on the eyesight. Along with your manuscript, you will do well to enclose sufficient postage for its return in case it should not be accepted, otherwise it will find its way into the editor's waste-paper-basket. Of course, you also enclose a little note to the editor, or, instead of that, you attach your name and address to the manuscript." This was all I had time to tell her that day in the car, but she evidently was in earnest, for a month later she called at my home, and, handing me a manuscript, said rather dolefully:—

#### A Young Aspirant's Bitter Experience.

"Tell me why the heartless editor returned it with a formal note of 'declined with thanks?'"

This was unexpected, but I hastened to assure her that other "literary aspirants," often had a dozen or more manuscripts returned, and she should not let a common experience like that discourage her. Then I begged her to tell me about it.

"As my manuscript will show," she began, "I wrote an imaginary story, and copied it in my best handwriting on one side of the paper only, as you advised me. Then I composed quite a long letter to the editor, telling him how anxious I was to earn some money, and how I hoped he would accept my story. I did not forget to enclose several stamps for the return of my manuscript in case it was not accepted. For the next few days after the missive was mailed, I anxiously watched for the postman, and when I heard him

coming up the lane, I almost trembled and wondered if the article had been returned. Still I kept up hope, and dreamed of the pretty hat which I expected to get with the money to be received for my story—when, oh, dear! one dark rainy day, the manuscript came back 'declined with thanks.'"

#### Don't Weary the Editor.

I felt that it was my duty to be frank with her, although there was some probability that I might be considered cruel, and yet, to be cruel out of kindness, might spare the literary aspirant some bitter experiences. Hence, I summoned up my courage and said:

"I grieve to be compelled to tell you that you did not start in just the right way. To begin with, you made a serious blunder in writing the editor to the effect that you were anxious to earn some money. If you write merely for the sake of earning money, you are sure to fail. To succeed as a writer, you must love your literary work,—your writing, for its own sake, and not because of any money consideration. When you write to an editor, do not burden him with your hopes and fears; on the contrary, let the letter be brief, formal, explicit and business-like. An editor does not care whatever your ambitions or circumstances may be, whether you are poor, or rich and pretty. It is quite enough for him to peruse your manuscript, beside a good article requires no explanation."

#### What to Write About.

"Then again," I continued, "instead of writing an imaginary story, or airing your views on the theories of life, you, as a beginner, should have written about something that you had experienced; that you had seen with your own eyes. For instance, you were at my Halloween party the other week, and you might have described the good time we enjoyed,—that is, you might have written a sketch entitled, 'How We celebrated Halloween,' or 'Some Halloween Rites and Charms.'"

"Oh, yes!" I went on to assure her, "there is plenty of 'copy' everywhere, only you must acquire the habit of keeping your eyes open, and of asking yourself, 'Is there 'copy' here?' There is no man, no woman, no event or scene, but that has 'copy' in it, and you must make it your pleasant business to discover and to utilize such 'copy.' Instead of being bored with all sorts and conditions of people, you must learn to love to study their ways and their manners."

"But how am I to get 'copy,' out of them?" I was asked.

"It all depends upon yourself," I answered. "You can frame wise questions to draw them out, or as the worldly Polonius in 'Hamlet' has it, 'by indirections find directions out.' This you can do by flattering people, by loving them, by persuading them, or by using clever diplomatic measures. I think I am safe in saying that the eyes of my deaf friends see a great deal more in a single glance, than can be said of the average hearing man, and this is but natural, since the eyes of the deaf become 'acutely keen,' by reason of the double duty which they have to perform, of being eyes and ears all in one. You have to see with your eyes and also to hear with them in place of your defective ears. Hence, it often happens that in the case of a deaf reporter, a brief interview frequently suffices for a lengthy article. Still, you must be sure of your facts, and avoid the sin of exaggeration."

"And now, to come back to your manuscript. Before you mailed it, you should have studied the general tone of the various newspapers and magazines, until you comprehended the sort of material the different editors needed. It is simply a waste of time, energy and postage to send manuscripts to editors until you know what material they are in need of. I used to, and still go to the Public Library to examine the various newspapers and magazines. The more papers you are familiar with, the broader will become the field for the disposal of your sketches."

"What about my spelling?" was my friend's next question.

#### Spell Your Words Correctly.

"Well," I said, and could not resist smiling, "I see you are like most women after all, so far as spelling is concerned. You have not spelled a number of words correctly, and, although, I do not regard spelling of as much importance as the faultless construction of sentences, yet, let me tell you that it is worth while to give spelling the attention which it deserves. And why? For the reason that a single misspelled word has the tendency to spoil the neat appearance of your manuscript and, ten to one, it may destroy its chances of being accepted, by fostering a prejudice in the editorial mind. But you are all right in your spelling, if you can acquire the ingenuity of Mr. Umbrage of *The Silchester Mirror*, in Barries, 'When a Man's Single,'—an ingenuity which is illustrated in the following:—

"When Umbrage returned, Billy Kirker, the chief reporter, was denouncing John Milton (the junior reporter) for not being able to tell him how to spell 'deceive.'"

"What is the use of you?" he asked indignantly, "if you can't do a simple thing like that?"

"Say 'cheat,' suggested Umbrage.

"So Kirker wrote 'cheat.'"

"When you wish to grace your manuscript with a poetical quotation or two, do you depend on your memory?" was the question next in order.

#### Don't Depend on Your Memory For Quotations.

"Sometimes I do," I replied, "but it is safer to keep a note-book of your favorite quotations, or better still have each poet's works with your favorite passages marked ready for reference. I cannot always trust my memory, hence I keep a note-book, or a memorandum. Last summer, I was away from home, and the family I visited had few books. I was writing for the press as usual, and I was anxious to quote part of Bryant's *Thanatopsis* in connection with my description of a visit to the ruined town of New Richmond, and the lesson which the sad scenes and the uncertainty of life taught me. But, although the quotation I desired was a most appropriate one, yet try as I would I could get no farther than the words: "So live that when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravan which moves toward the mysterious realms." I was disgusted with the unreliability of my memory, and spent the next hour in a vain search throughout the house, for a trace of Bryant's poems. Since then, when my memory would not serve me,—I believe in cultivating the memory as much as possible—I would look up my note-book for reference."

#### Editors are Very Busy Persons.

Have I ever called on the editors in town? Why, yes, and this reminds me that it is worth while to meet an editor whenever possible, and when you do, explain your business in a few, well-chosen words, and do not remain longer than is necessary,—for, remember, editors are very busy persons, and one must be merciful and considerate in not taxing their valuable time."

(To be continued)

HYPATIA BOYD.

P. S.—As I said before, I shall be glad to receive and to answer any queries which my readers may desire to put to me. H. B.

### THE TOY DOG.

A copy of Mr. John E. Diehl's latest book on the Toy Dog has just been submitted to us for criticism. We can speak of the neat little volume only in terms of the highest praise. The author, who was recognized for years as an authority on Domestic Pets of all kinds, has evidently put his best efforts on his last production, so that this becomes almost invaluable to all who admire, or intend to provide themselves with a Toy Dog. The book has been published by the Associated Fanciers, 400 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa., who offer to mail it to any address on receipt of 25 cts., preferably in Postage Stamps.

the congregation numbered exactly *three*. We rounded out six souls, counting the missionary, who did labor hard to explain the miracles and to tell us what a good man Moses was.

Now where does the fault lie?

I'll volunteer this much.

Toolong sermon; too dry sermons and too little of 1899.

Fix your eyes on a big jeweler's street clock for five minutes. Tiresome isn't it? Increase five minutes more; another five minutes! again five minutes. Tiresome isn't it?

You can stand drops of water falling on your hands for a short while—a few hours would bring on insanity.

People get tired listening, and listening requires no efforts at all. But it's hard work to fix one's eyes on a speaker who is talking on a subject that is never new—an old sermon in a slightly altered garb. One's mind wanders to other subjects. An hour and a half of this, sit; kneel, sit; stand; kneel, and no words of comfort, no real helpful words for the struggling man of to-day, and how long is he going to attend service?

People go to a theatre and see a play, but once is sufficient. When they go again, they want to see something different.

When they go to a church, they ought to get something inspiring, something different every-time. If they don't, they will stay away, except, of course, that portion that can't understand and go as a duty—they will attend anyhow. As Lincoln said, "For people that like that sort of thing, it's just the sort of thing they'd like," but this class of people are in the minority and it is to the big world of the deaf that religious services should reach.

It cannot be truthfully said to-day that they do so.

Missionaries report so many services held, marriages, baptisms, miles travelled, letters written, etc., and it all sounds very successful, but what is not reported is the more interesting. The report says that there are 1164 deaf-mutes in my district, but it does not say that of these, 300 are never met, 300 others belong to other churches, 300 others never attend, and a "service held" often means a service before three deaf-mutes of densest ignorance to whom the service meant nothing. There are many other misleading features in "reports," that the missionary intentionally misleads, but that he wants to report in big figures. *One man* put on the right path, *one woman* helped over a thorny dilemma in his career, a soul saved at the right time, is better than 50000 postal cards written or teaching deaf people a catechism that they cannot comprehend, in order to bring them before a Bishop and add to the figures in the "report."

And the deaf man who toils year in and year out finally gets tired of attending services that benefit him in no way; he prospers as well when the missionary comes as when he does not, and while he gets no vacation at all, he wonders how it is that his pastor can run over to Europe every two or three years, while he is lucky if he can get a day off once a year. The missionaries do a good deal of good, they are brainy men, they undergo deprivation in travelling over their field, but they are content with results that would not be tolerated in any other profession or vocation. They are content to preach dull sermon and follow out set forms to a few dullards, when they might attract the deaf men and women of a higher standing by going deeper and taking them by the hand as fellow men and women and giving them real "heart to heart talks," and walking side by side in the same world with us.

They can't do it, if they step out of their ecclesiastical robes and invest themselves in the garments of the political dictator and aim to direct organizations of a non-sectarian character.

When the clergymen run things as they have at several conventions lately, when they obstruct and take up time and prevent other deaf people from having a say, one forgets that the man is a clergyman and hard things are likely to be said. At St. Paul, in 1899, the two front chairs were occupied by clergymen who were continually bobbing up and down to attract the eye of "Mr. President" and telling why a committee of six would be better than one of five, etc., etc.

Ministers shouldn't be confined to their calling

and they should show public spirit, but they should also give their fellows a show.

There isn't a word of this article that isn't gospel truth and it will cost me the "icy hand" in several quarters, but I'm ready.

A. L. PACH.

Written for the SILENT WORKER.

## PERSONAL INTERVIEW WITH SCHLATTER THE HEALER.

"**D**ID you hear that Schlatter, the Healer was in Albany?" was the query from a friend of mine, (remembering that I have totally deaf ears).

My answer was: "No, Sir, but I have heard much of his wonderful cures out in the West. By the way, what did he do down there?"

"If you believe in God and have faith in the healer's treatment, he will lay his hands upon your forehead, and say a prayer and here you are cured!" said the friend. For a reply, I shrugged my shoulders and said: "I am afraid I have not faith enough to justify my success." The friend answered back: "That's the trouble with you, because you doubt your faith. If you do, you cannot expect anything of it. But, any way, better go and see your father."

The kind friend left me in deep thought and to make sure of my unsettled state of belief, I bought a copy of the Albany newspaper which contained two columns concerning Schlatter's wonderful (?) healing of the afflicted people at the theatre. My perusal of the contents convinced me to such a measure that my disbelief was quickly dispensed with (though only for a few moments). As I happened to bring to mind the scriptural injunction: "The hands of our God is upon them for good that seek Him, but his power and wrath is against all them that forsake Him—Ezra, Chap. VI—22," I went up to my father and requested him, should he deem it necessary, to seek that Schlatter to see, if he could make his slightly deaf ear more clear of hearing. He did seek the healer and had a personal interview with him about his case, as well as mine.

But, on his return home, he wore an unusual look of disappointment and disgust. I plied him with all manner of questions about what he saw, said about, and thought of the so-called divine healer.

Here, it is in his own words:—"I saw him, but he says he does not make any cures this day. He prays to God to help the afflicted and if God sees fit the cure comes."

"He also asked me, if I came prepared to pay, that although he did not make a charge of any sum yet, it was expected that the person would put down whatever he would be free and willing to give to have God cure him. He had a family to support and he certainly could not do it for nothing."

"I do not like the way he talked, as it showed conclusively that he did not have the substantial proof or any evidence that he could do anything."

"I told him I would take a treatment, seeing I was there, but he said he thought I had not come with the idea of paying for what it was worth, so he would prefer I come when I was better able to pay."

"I asked him about you, and he said he could tell nothing. If the Lord saw fit to cure you through him He would do so. But he could not say anything about it. He never cured one yet as he knew of. I am afraid he is a fraud."

"He is not an attractive looking man only in the way he wears his beard; it is long and looks as though he braided it nights to make a wary appearance. He has a good nose, small eyes, and a cheerful looking countenance. He speaks well. He is smart—yes, too smart, but did not get my money anyhow, you see."

Now, dear readers, I leave you the above given interview as a food for reflection.

To turn back to the paper I read, I make some following extracts of what was said about the man and his wonderful (?) healing, which may be worthy of a careful perusal and also may be of special interest to the people who are afflicted with deafness.

A Mrs. — from Malone, N. Y., was deaf in both ears for a long time. It was through and imposition of hands

by healers that she could hear the ticking of his watch. Evidently she will require further treatment as the healer was obliged to speak pretty loud when he dismissed her.

It is plainly evident that the healer was not successful in treating deafness in the beginning.

A blind man complained to the healer of being deaf and was cured, but said nothing of blindness, and he got no relief to his eyes. The healer said he was not supposed to know people's ailments that they would not acknowledge.

If it is true that his deafness were cured, though I doubt its veracity, that blind man is a big fool—the biggest fool to my knowledge—for he had a preference for blindness over deafness. As for me, I would rather be *totally* deaf or without ears than partly blind or one-eyed.

Just imagine the danger of a sightless man walking through a crowded street over cable-road at the great risk of his life.

Another man complained of near sightness. After he was cured it was noticeable that he resumed wearing his glasses when he came down from the stage.

Whether it was from his force of habit or it was from the failure of his treatment, it is for you to decide upon the merits or dismerits of the healer's wonderful cures.

Mr. S. A. Jefferson, another healer of Chicago says: "You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. \* \* \* Disbelief is not any hinderance." Schlatter or McLean in real name says: "Faith is God enough to effect a cure of any disease and it is the only sure and certain remedy." As shown by the facts as given above I have failed to see in any light the success of his treatment, to speak of his faith in the divine power that is necessary to effect a cure.

There is another healer by the name of Francis Truth in Boston. His name seems to be suggestive of truthfulness in his healing powers, but I am not easily inclined to believe in his seemingly veracious name.

Have you read the article of a very humorous tone on Christian Science written by Mark Twain in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine of October? If you haven't, I shall, for the sake of your convenience, abridge it into a few lines as follows:

On his way back to Vienna from the mountains, Mark Twain stumbled over a cliff (I don't blame his oversight, though) and had some bone or other broken which seemed to require medical attention or probably necessitate a surgical operation (according to the extent of his imagination (?)) Finding no physician near Mark sent, upon advice of his landlord, for a Christian Science doctor, of a feminine gender if you please, but the answer came back that being unable to come in proper time she would give "absent treatment," now and worse than that, she told him to remember that "there was nothing the matter with him," which evidently proved too much for his bodily pain and for his patience, too. At length the Christian Scientist arrived. Naturally as you expected, she gave Mark nothing but nonsensical talk on faith cure—the divine power which she claims it possesses in the way of healing the sick. In explaining the meaning of Science, she said, "Nothing Exists but Mind." "All ills and pains exist only in the imagination."

The conversation thus ended, Mark had enough of "faith treatment" to which he was subjected as his mental equilibrium was upset at the instant by the pains and aches in the stomach, from the result of fasting, so he decided to send for a horse-doctor, who believes more in medical practice than any theory. Probably from force of habit, he opened Mark's jaws and looked at his teeth, stating his age and general condition. Then he gave the patient a prescription which consisted of "a bucket of bran-mash" with a mixture of "turpentine and axle-grease," and told him to go ahead with it by taking a dose hourly and get well in a day or so which he really and practically did, true to the old saw that "seeing is believing."

Put your faith in your own doctor when you are sick in mind and body, but when your soul or your conscience is out of order, go to your bed and pray a good prayer.



Do right as your conscience dictates, as your mind directs, and as your body moves.

Last of all, obey the Ten Commandments and you are saved!

CLARENCE A. BOXELY.

### TEACHING THE DUMB.

(From the Trenton Times)

**A**MONG the things in "Heaven and Earth" not dreamed of in the philosophy of the average citizen is the way in which the deaf-mute of to-day is brought from darkness into light.

A century ago he was classified with the idiotic and insane and his education was deemed as impossible as the cure of his deafness. To-day it is an accomplished fact. While not always an "Helen Keller," he is, as a rule, one of our good citizens. He not only writes to us intelligently, but talks to us, so that we may understand, and hearing with his eyes, knows what we say to him.

How is this brought about?

With the object of endeavoring to learn of the methods employed in the work a representative of the *Times* called at the Deaf and Dumb Institution in this city.

"Would I have any objections to your taking a few notes on our work? Not the slightest. It is a work in which we take a great deal of pride and one in which we are glad to have everybody interested. Walk right in." Such was the cherry greeting the reporter received from Superintendent Walker, and after the thorough look into the conduct of the school, that followed, he was led to believe that the men and women who have it in charge have every reason to "take a great deal of pride" in what they are doing there.

"First of all I'll show you," said our host, "where the child gets its first impressions. You understand that when it comes to us it's mind is, so far as any knowledge of language goes, a complete blank. Of course, it sees, thinks, feels and remembers, and can, to some extent, reason and form a judgment, but it seldom knows so much as a single word, not even its mother's name." We passed through the spacious corridor of the main building, across the broad lawn in the rear and into the "Industrial Hall." Here, besides the industrial classes, are the primary classes of the scholastic department; into the youngest of these we were shown. A pleasant nod of recognition and the teacher was back at her work again.

The sound of T was being undertaken and in a very short time nearly every child in the section had it perfect. Their little vocabulary, which already consisted of several words was gone over. Their lips were making their first attempt in lisping these words and their eyes were beginning to read them upon the lips of their teacher. The mystery of how the deaf received their first speech was solved. What had seemed an occult science was now one of the simplest, and yet it must have been only by extreme patience and great care that such results were obtained. Not only a knowledge of the first words of their language was here obtained but a conception of color and form and much else was here added.

Just across the way is the Kindergarten, which alternates with the class room, we had just left, in busying the twenty five youngest pupils.

A well furnished little kitchen occupied one corner, a camp with all the surroundings of camp life held a place nearby. A blacksmith's forge, a grocery store, country scenes and representations of a great many of the various activities of life were all around, not in pictures, but in life-like form and figure, made by the children's own hands, and so impressed, with their names and uses, indelibly upon their memories.

The class was a large one, but every one seemed to be absorbed in its work. The industrial work, being in the same hall, was next taken up. Education," said Mr. Walker, as we proceeded, "should be three-fold, physical, intellectual and industrial. No good work of any kind can come from a frail body, hence physical. Brains must be had to direct, hence intellectual, and the body may be ever so perfect and the intellect ever so bright, they need, to complete the trinity, a handicraft that will give them the means to maintain, at its best, this physical and mental life." The industrial classrooms provide this last and in a manner that

makes its acquisition a delight. A splendid printing outfit, a well appointed shoe-making department and large wood-working class-rooms, presided over by skilled instructors in each branch, afford every opportunity for the boys, while art needlework, millinery, embroidery and all forms of house work are taught the girls.

#### THE BUILDING.

On the ground floor of this building is a large gymnasium where the work of physical training is directed by experienced instructors, and the children are thus kept in fine bodily condition.

A stone's throw from the Industrial Building stands the Infirmary, truly a sick child's paradise, with well stocked pharmacy, trained nurse and every modern solace to the bed of sickness.

If the Chinese idea of remunerating a physician, that he should be paid only when his patients are well, is a correct one, the physician of the school should be under a magnificent salary, at present, for only one solitary little boy, with a "pain," was an occupant.

Returning to the main building, the course of instruction through the "Intermediate" department into the "Advanced," was followed. In the latter department are gathered the older of the pupils, and here is the full fruition of the work.

From something akin to little wild animals had been developed well educated young men and women, bright, alert, soulful, apace with current events, each an expert in some form of handicraft, and in every way fitted for the duties of life.

#### MANNER OF SPEECH.

Their speech was in most cases, correct, clear and well modulated, and their ability to "read the lips," that is, to understand what was being said to them by observing the movements of the mouth of the person addressing them, was simply marvelous.

A hurried look through the play-rooms, chapel and dormitories, all models of neatness, and as the children filed into dinner we joined them long enough to note a table equal in appointments to any that you will find in a private family, an excellent cuisine, and appetites that fully befitted the occasion.

A half dozen members of the household flitted about, teaching "table manners," assisting the "babies" and chatting pleasantly with the hundred and thirty little ones there assembled.

Should anyone question the care the deaf wards of this State get, let him spend a day at the Hamilton avenue school. It will be for the reason that he sees not as we see, if he does not come away feeling that every care is being exercised to surround them with that which is best for their mental, physical and moral growth.

### Trenton, N. J.

Services were held for deaf-mutes in the Hamilton ave. M. E. Church, on Friday evening, November 17th, the Rev. J. M. Koehler officiating. About fifty were present, mostly pupil from the school.

Harry Smith, formerly connected with the Cresce Press in this city, is now foreman of a country paper at New Hope, Pa. He began his apprenticeship at the Trenton School.

Here and there a tree on the school grounds in front of the Main Building has been chopped down. The reason is that there were too many and that the thinning out process will allow for a better growth of grass and consequently a better looking lawn in the spring and summer months.

Prof. Weston Jenkins, our former Principal, is in town quite often on business. He represents the North-Western Insurance Co., and the Publishing House of William Beverly Harrison in New York, with headquarters at Englishtown, N. Y., where he has established a free consultation bureau. In the book line he covers a territory including all the schools East of the Mississippi and has a very bright outlook.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stephenson, of Trenton, were made very happy by the arrival of a little girl baby on the 8th inst. The little girl has been named Josephine Shaw Stephenson.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES of the Arkansas School has decided to have three large dormitories erected at once, and the parents of the deaf children have been notified to hold themselves in readiness to send their children to school as soon as the temporary quarters have been completed.

## All Sorts.

A DEAF lady in Detroit is employed in the chemical laboratory of Parke, Davis & Co.

MR. THOMAS DAVIDSON, the English deaf artist, has a large painting at this year's Academy Exhibition, entitled, "The Burial of Admiral Drake."

AN ENGLISH lady, after having been mute for twenty-three years suddenly recovered her power of speech on witnessing a very distressing accident to a member of her family.

A FULLY equipped barber shop has been added to the Industrial Departments of the Ontario School. Here the boys of that excellent school will have an opportunity of becoming first-class tonsorial artists.

The barber's trade having had a year's trial at the Missouri School, and being pronounced a success will be continued. The instructor has had many years' experience and the class at present numbers five boys. — *Maryland Bulletin*.

WALLACE COOK, of Long Branch, who stirred up quite a little surprise among his friends last month by getting married to one of the most intelligent and charming young deaf ladies of the State, has gone to house-keeping with his bride in Asbury Park.

RIGHT HON. LORD CURZON, of Kedleston, first president of the Southport Deaf and Dumb Society, and now Viceroy of India, has sent the following letter to Mr. G. E. Bridge, of Southport:

"I am obliged to you for having called my attention to the need that exists in India for work similar to that which you have so happily assisted to inaugurate in Southport. I shall not lose my interest in the subject. We trust Mr. Banerji will lose no time in putting himself in communication with Lord Curzon. The deaf of India need a friend in a high position. With such a friend as Lord Curzon, their cause ought to make some progress. — *British Deaf Monthly*.

CALIFORNIA has already produced another deaf-mute lawyer in the person of William Egan. It is remembered that he went east three years ago with the object of entering Gallaudet College as a special student. There he failed twice to pass the entrance examination. Somewhere he resumed the study of law which he began in the office of W. W. Foote, one of our former Directors. Last May he was admitted to practice.

Now he is associated in Washington, D. C., with a prominent attorney whose principal specialty is to prosecute all the various sorts of claims against the government; namely, patents, pension, land and war claims, and the like. He enjoys the best of health notwithstanding changes of weather. He may reside in Washington permanently and practice his new profession. — *California News*.

MR. JAY COOKE HOWARD, of Duluth, Minnesota, is the guest of the Institution this week. He represents the Howard Investment Company of that city and has been on an extensive business trip West and South. The Company has among its incorporators and stockholders some of the best known educators of the deaf in the country and its stock, so far, is held in large part by teachers of the deaf. Wednesday afternoon he met our officers in the library and explained the workings of the Company to them. He has placed some stock here. He will be with us until the first of next week when he leaves for Virginia and the East.

Those of our officers who made his acquaintance while here last Spring were glad to welcome him back, and time has not been allowed to hang heavy on his hands. He is not only a good business man but a genial gentleman as well. He goes to Mercer county Thursday with Mr. Long and a party from this place and will spend a couple of days in the (to him) novel sport of rabbit hunting. — *Kentucky Standard*.

JOHN W. LYONS, a deaf-mute, who was employed as a life saver at Balmer's bathing establishment at Coney Island during the past summer and who resides in Bath Beach, was yesterday presented with a beautiful medal as an acknowledgement of his excellent work in saving human life from the surf. The medal was awarded by the Volunteer Life Saving Corps, at the headquarters of the state officials, in the Borough of Manhattan, where Lyons was summoned to appear yesterday at noon. It is an eight-bar medal, each bar representing a life which Lyons had saved during the season at Coney Island.

The life guard is a man of small-stature and does not weigh more than 127 pounds, but he is capable of taking care of a drowning person as well as any other man in the business, as his record shows. He was stationed at Sheld bathing pavilion, at Bath Beach, a few seasons ago, where he made a record. Last spring he was engaged by Joseph Balmer, and although the other men along the beach were much stronger than he, they were unable to handle a drowning person as Lyons did. He was always on the lookout for people who had been dragged beyond the life lines, and would bring them safely to shore unassisted. Lyons has been re-engaged for the summer of 1900 at Balmer's.

## Bits of Science.

EDITED BY R. B. LLOYD, A.B.

**The Life of Pipes.**—The life of iron and steel water mains depends largely upon proper protection against corrosion. New pipes made of cast iron have stood a breaking weight of four tons, while similar pipes which had been in the ground about twenty years broke under two tons of weight. The average life of cast iron pipes is thirty years. Pipes taken up after forty years' use have proved valueless even for scraps. Some wrought iron pipes laid in San Francisco were found after twenty years of service to be as round as when laid owing to their having been coated with asphaltum.—*Annual Cyclopaedia.*

**A Map of 30,000,000 Stars.**—Astronomers everywhere are interested in the publication of the great map of the stars, now well under way—that is, a photographic chart of the whole heavens has now for some time been in process of construction by an association of observatories in some of the leading countries in the world. The plan pursued is that of mapping the skies in sections, one section being assigned to each observatory; three thousand photographs will be taken at each of the observatories, or a total of fifty-four thousand, and for each hemisphere there will be eleven thousand small maps, or twenty-two thousand for the entire universe. The vast map composed of these small ones will show some thirty millions of stars, which two millions will be catalogued and numbered, by which means any star down to the eleventh magnitude may be located at a glance.

One object of this immense and splendid enterprise is to show just what aspect is presented in the heavens now, so that any changes in the future may be detected and measured—a method by which, it is expected, valuable data may be obtained.—*Sun.*

**The Ocean Currents.**—The force, speed, and direction of ocean currents are discovered by a systematic plan of throwing sealed bottles overboard and in time receiving reports of them. These reports are indexed and classified, with the result that much valuable information is gained about the ocean currents. For instance, a bottle thrown overboard November 16, 1896, was picked up March 26, 1898, during which time it had drifted 4,700 miles. Another that was thrown over near Nantucket was found, 512 days later, off the coast of Scotland. Another, starting from Cape Cod, brought up at Cornwall, having travelled 2,500 miles in 600 days. Some bottles, however, have shown an average speed of thirty-one miles per day, while others have traveled along at the slower rates of twenty-six, fourteen, and even four miles per day. In the Pacific Ocean there are fewer chances of the bottles being picked up, but the experiments are tried there with fair success. As the work goes on, the number of bottles used is increasing, and the captains and skippers are becoming accustomed to finding the bottles and reporting them to the bureau.—*St. Nicholas.*

**Silk From Shellfish.**—That silk may be produced from certain mussels or shells is a fact long known, but only recently renewed attention called to the matter by the receipt at the Berlin Royal museum of a pair of golden brown silk gloves made of byssus silk. This silk is obtained from the small silky tufts protruding from the byssus shell, which they use for holding fast to the ground or rock under water. This fibre is silky and changes in color from greenish yellow to dark brown. The single threads are from two to three inches long, and after being cleaned and dried they are spun into yarn. Byssus silk woven into material is still a great curiosity, for the supply of material is so scarce that industrial development to the manufacture is out of the question. Only in certain settlements on the coast of Sicily there is some effort to work with this material, the shell used being the so-called Pigna. Fishermen tear the shells with nets, from the rocks, and, after cutting the tufts, return them into basins of shallow water; the tufts will grow again within a year. It takes between 3,000 and 4,000 shells to obtain a pound of fibre.—*Philadelphia Record.*

**The Hindu Child Wife.**—A Hindu child-wife divides her year in two intervals, one of which she spends with her parents, this being a sort of vacation time, and the other she spends at the house of her husband's parents, this being the time of daily downright drudgery. Village girls in Bengal blacken their teeth with mishti, a coloring powder. The lips are black also, and this is supposed to make them exceedingly charming. Writing letters, especially to her husband, is thought to be a fearful immodesty in a Hindu girl; and she has no chance of improving her mind by intelligent conversation with any one. She must write to her husband, though she has to do it by stealth in the night. The moon is her lamp, a stick out of the domestic broom her pen, the juice of the pui berry her ink, and probably the dried leaf of the banana her paper. A Hindu girl must always keep the inner apartment of the house. She is only let out when she goes to draw water for the

household either from the pond or the well or the river. Hence the waterside is a great feminine resort, a sort of women's club, where there is much gossiping and plenty of stolen leisure.—*Christian Register.*

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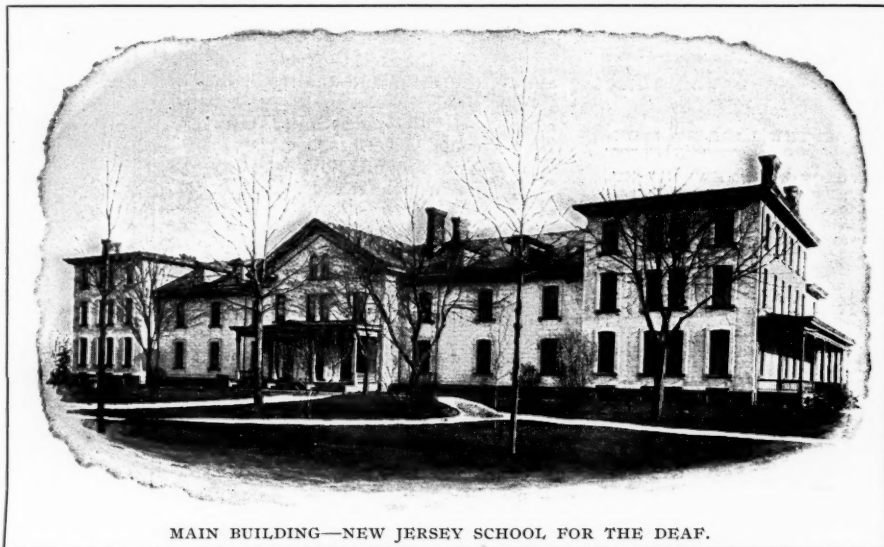
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